

VOL XXXI NO 9

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS
New York, 416-424 West 13th Street London, 34 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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Vol. XXXI, No. 9 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year
New York, Saturday, May 30, 1903

Household Number for June

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The publication of the prize-winning letters in the April competition of the "Dead Letter Office of a Woman's Heart" is held over until next week, at which time the subject for the June contest will also be announced.



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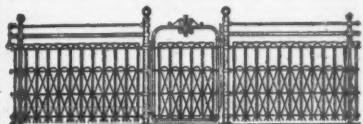
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This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the
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In every civilized country of the world the Pianola is now recognized as a standard method of playing the piano.

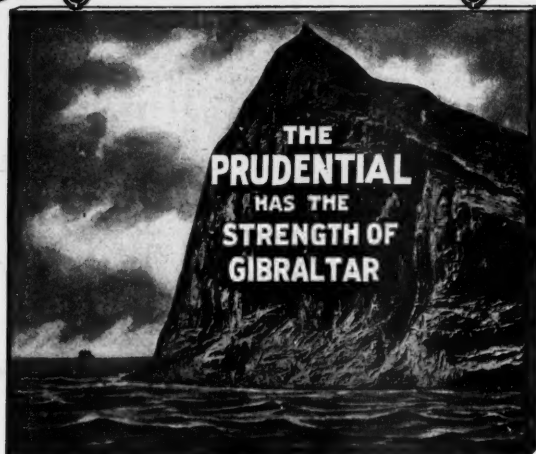
Failure to include a Pianola with the other means of entertainment provided for a country home means that one of the most agreeable and pleasant features of modern summer life will not be realized.

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Get nine boys in your locality and organize a baseball club for the Summer. Let each boy earn his share in this large outfit by selling four pieces of jewelry. This will take but a few minutes of each boy's time, and will be a source of enjoyment for the whole Summer season. We will guarantee you honorable treatment and shall expect you to treat us the same. Such an offer as we make you has never been made before by any reliable concern. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you for the JEWELRY until you have sold it. Write to-day. Address us this way:

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street London, 34 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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Vol. XXXI No. 9 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, May 30, 1903

The Lion's Mouth April Competition The Winners

- 1st Prize—W. R. Talbot, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
- 2d Prize—H. S. Thompson, Bridgeport, Connecticut.
- 3d Prize—H. L. Hindley, Vergennes, Vermont
- 4th Prize—Edwin Morton, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 5th Prize—J. W. T. Knox, Detroit, Michigan.
- 6th Prize—Crawford T. Ruff, Montgomery, Alabama.
- 7th Prize—E. A. Marshall, Anniston, Alabama.
- 8th Prize—Irwin A. Ewing, Monmouth, Illinois.
- 9th Prize—T. A. O'Brien, Latrobe, Pennsylvania.
- 10th Prize—James Veale, Mandarin, Florida.
- 11th Prize—John L. S. Coles, M.D., Alden Bridge, Louisiana.
- 12th Prize—Eva Hampton Prather, Atlanta, Georgia.
- 13th Prize—Charles Chaffee, Chicago, Illinois.
- 14th Prize—Joseph D. Worth, Chicago, Illinois.
- 15th Prize—G. W. Johnston, Chicago, Illinois.
- 16th Prize—Mrs. W. C. Kohler, Kenton, Ohio.
- 17th Prize—R. D. Anderson, Glace Bay, Canada.
- 18th Prize—W. E. Graham, San Jose, California.
- 19th Prize—Minnie Lee Moore, Portsmouth, Virginia.
- 20th Prize—Mrs. Jacob Dyson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

MR. IRWIN A. EWING of Monmouth, Illinois, is the only one in the list of prize winners this month who is entitled to an extra prize. He will receive a check for twenty-five dollars, in addition to his book award, for getting his name on the prize list twice.—his previous success having been won in February.

The results of the vote show that the Household Number was again the favorite issue of the month. The Labor articles were the most popular, with Hon. Carroll D. Wright's "The Insecurity of Labor" as the favorite. The best-liked story was Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard," and the best-liked drawing, Mr. Gibson's "Jury of the Future." The portrait of Miss Alice Roosevelt, published as a frontispiece to the Household Number, led all other photographs in popularity. There was a wide diversity of opinion as to the merit of the advertisements, but a careful tabulation of the vote would seem to show that the Kodak Company's back-page advertisement in the issue of April 11 earned the preference, with the Ralston Purina Food's announcement in the Household Number a close second. As usual, by far the most popular feature in the Household Number was the "Social Problem in the Home," by Lavinia Hart.

More "Uncle Remus" Stories

In the present number appears the first of a new series of Uncle Remus stories from the pen of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. In these tales, the author tells us more of the adventures of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and all the creatures that we came to know so well in the earlier collection. In a letter to the Editor, Mr. Harris says of the new stories: "In reading them, two or three things are to be taken into consideration. You will inevitably compare them with the first stories, whereas the impression made by the first series can never be repeated. They were fresh and new; they were unique, and it will be said that these, the latest, are mere echoes of the first. Moreover, I can not get away from character. Do what I will, I am obliged to recognize the fact that Uncle Remus is much older than he was; he is telling the stories to the son of the little boy who first drew them out of him. Being older, he is more garrulous, and he has lost one of the characteristics that marked his first tales; he has lost his irritability; peevishness has dropped away from him. He has plenty of time in which to tell the stories, and he takes advantage of it."

In the next Household Number the second of this series will be published. The story is entitled "How Wiley Wolf Rode in the Bag," and the illustrations have been made by Mr. A. B. Frost.

The Lion's Mouth questions will be found on page 24 of this issue.

Water is Free!

But it won't take the pain out of a burn; it won't heal a wound; it won't take the ache out of rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. **POND'S EXTRACT will.** It will do it almost instantly. The claim that ordinary witch hazel is "just as good" or "just the same" as POND'S EXTRACT needs but a mite of consideration to prove its falsity. Ordinary witch hazel is nearly all water. That's why you can get so much for so little—because water is free.

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Unequaled for Tone, Durability and Workmanship.

We will gladly send free a beautiful Art Souvenir, Catalogue and "Facts About the Mandolin" and "How to Play the Mandolin" if you will send us your address on a postal card.

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22 Adams St.
World's largest music house; sells everything known in music.

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enable the convalescent to move about the house and out on the lawn giving him the benefit of the invigorating spring air and sunshine. (Booklet free.)

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Correspondence Invited

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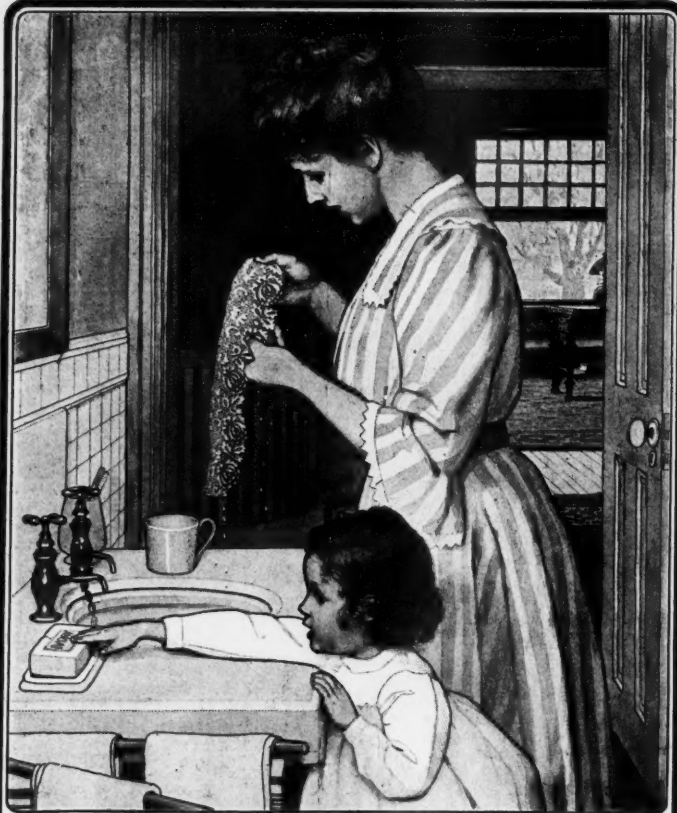


We Mean FAIRY SOAP, of Course!

FAIRY SOAP (the oval cake) is so much handier than the old style, awkward, elusive, oblong bar. Besides it's the purest white floating soap possible to make—and is obtainable at the lowest price possible to pay—5 cents; at grocers' and druggists'.

FREE! Send us ten Fairy Soap oval box fronts (or if you prefer, 25c in stamps) and we will forward you a handsome portfolio of ten beautiful little "Fairy" subjects (one of which is shown above in reduced form). These pictures are artistic reproductions from photographs and will be admired and preserved by all lovers of children. Size 9 1/4 inches by 12 1/4 inches, **FREE** FROM ALL ADVERTISING MATTER, ready for framing.

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Use the Ivory Soap, 99 1/4 Per Cent. Pure.



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Winton

It will not only master any grades open to traffic, but do it with the pleasing dash possible only where there is an abundance of power always available. The Winton Touring Car has won quite as many laurels for hill climbing as for speed and endurance, and, of course, there are reasons for it. One is that it has more horse-power for each hundred pounds of weight than any other car upon the market. Again, all of its power is available, not being absorbed by a cumbersome transmission.

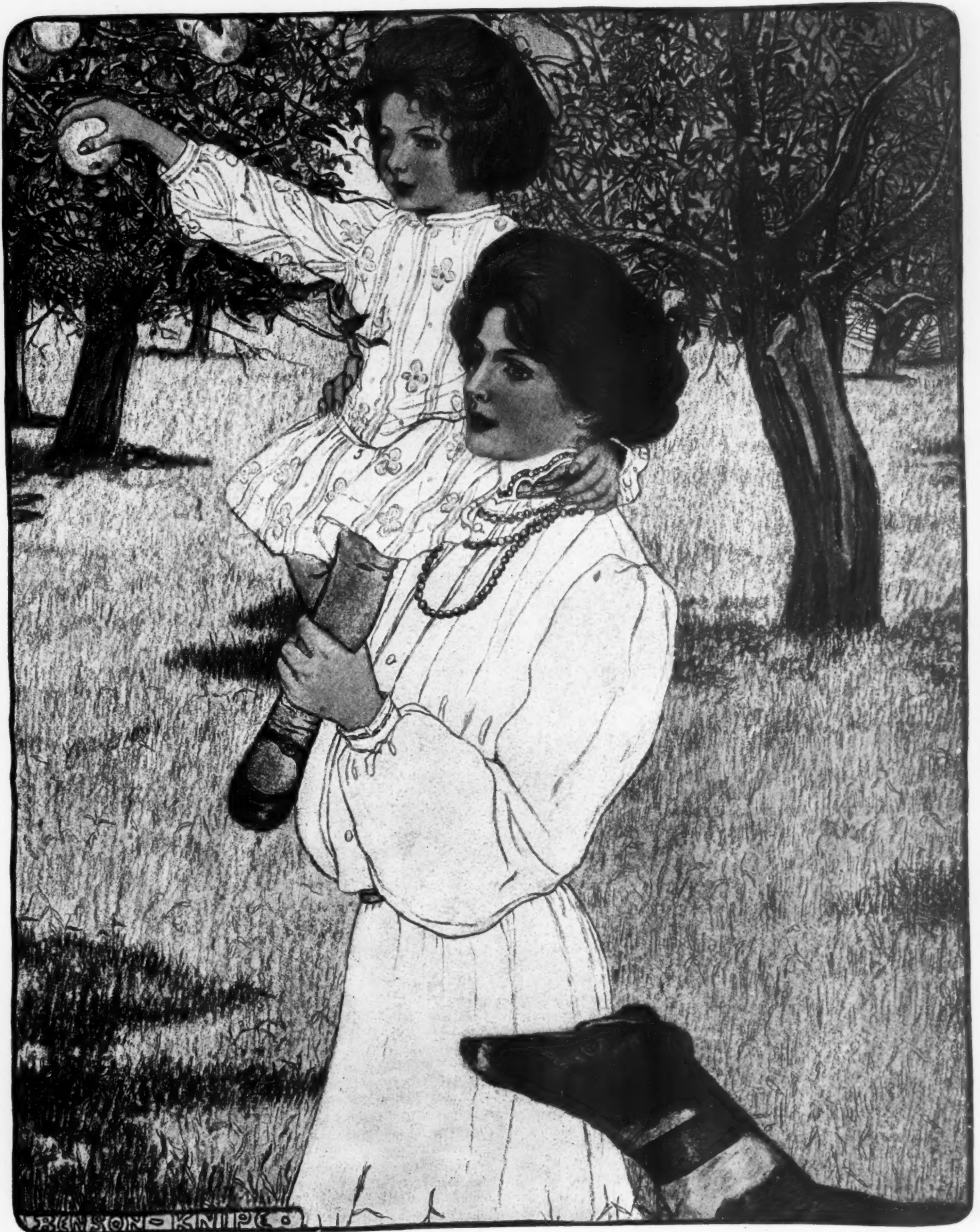
The new 20 horse-power, double opposed cylinder, Winton Touring Car, with one filling of gasoline, lubricating oil and water, will travel, at a 30 to 40 mile per hour clip if desired, over 150 miles. There are a great many other features about this 1903 automobile triumph to interest those contemplating the purchase of a high grade car.

The price complete with detachable tonneau, two full brass side lamps, tools, etc., is \$2,500. Visit any of our branch or agency depots in all principal cities and the many features of Winton excellence will be fully demonstrated.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY
Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR JUNE



IN THE ORCHARD

DRAWN BY EMILIE BENSON-KNIPE



THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA is more fortunate than the Constable in "Much Ado About Nothing." He has plenty of people to write him down an ass. The whole press of Pennsylvania is busy at the task. There was something noble in Don Quixote's tilt against the windmill, for he believed it was a giant, and he charged in a good cause. To call Governor Pennypacker a Don Quixote is careless flattery. Not every addle-brained seeker of trouble deserves to rank with the lunatic of La Mancha. Pennsylvania's Governor had not one righteous motive, any more than he had one grain of sense. His object in signing the now famous libel bill, was to keep the press from throwing its light upon the likes of Matthew Quay. Moreover, "it even called ME an ass. It said I was corrupt. It made a picture of ME, an ugly little dwarf endeavoring to impede the progress of a big and fast machine." What was the Governor's success in stopping such cartoons, such *dése-majesté*? The very day on which the libel bill became a law, the same paper published another cartoon, showing the same ugly little dwarf knocked sky-high by the onrushing machine, which bore the device, "A free press will remain free." Mr. Pennypacker is butting his alleged head against a force much more dangerous than a supposed windmill. The press responds by describing a baseball game as "a number of persons engaged in what we have heard was an altercation with a ball," and about the weather it reports that "what seemed to be a cloud was understood to have been noticed in the alleged sky not a great way from this place"; but when it approaches the subject seriously protected by the law—political corruption to wit—it speaks right out with a fearlessness that shows how little Samuel Pennypacker and Matthew Quay are able to keep the American people from expressing what they think about the rogues and the jackasses who happen to be clothed in the majesty of high office. "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? . . . though it be not written, yet forget not that I am an ass."

THE DOGBERRY LIBEL LAW

published another cartoon, showing the same ugly little dwarf knocked sky-high by the onrushing machine, which bore the device, "A free press will remain free." Mr. Pennypacker is butting his alleged head against a force much more dangerous than a supposed windmill. The press responds by describing a baseball game as "a number of persons engaged in what we have heard was an altercation with a ball," and about the weather it reports that "what seemed to be a cloud was understood to have been noticed in the alleged sky not a great way from this place"; but when it approaches the subject seriously protected by the law—political corruption to wit—it speaks right out with a fearlessness that shows how little Samuel Pennypacker and Matthew Quay are able to keep the American people from expressing what they think about the rogues and the jackasses who happen to be clothed in the majesty of high office. "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? . . . though it be not written, yet forget not that I am an ass."

THE LESS WE KNOW ABOUT A THING, the more fierce our opinions about it often are. The mind of man feels peculiarly competent to legislate and advise when his ignorance of the conditions is most intense. Jeremy Bentham, at sixty-four, offered to make a code of laws for several of the United States and for Russia. Poorly informed people all over the world are to-day full of solemn warnings and advice, on account of the fresh Russian outrages against the Finns and the Jews. That Russia has the faults of an imperfect civilization and of a complete despotism, there is no doubt. The State is everything, the individual nothing. Russia treats the Finns with cruelty and duplicity, because she wishes to unify her empire. She allows her people to persecute the Jews because unity of religion is a principle which is valued more than would be shown by the letter of the laws, and also because there is a general feeling that the Jews are essentially outsiders. We, with our heritage of the individual's right, with our jealousy of too strong a central power, have long been the asylum for the victims of arbitrary rule abroad, and we have thus far an advantageous position for pointing out some particular notes in our neighbor's eye. After we have governed the Philippines awhile, and settled the negro problem, we shall know still more than we do now about the difficulties of being fair to everybody. Russia commits many sins, but her difficulties are not always appreciated, and her sins are exaggerated, because all the world fears her enormous approaching strength. Criticism of her, as of all nations and all persons, is more useful when it is based on sympathy and understanding. Only in exceptional cases does violent condemnation produce any good. Russia, we hope, will solve her difficulties more wisely as she increases in civilization. We hope the same for ourselves. Meantime, we may succor her unfortunate victims, and, if necessary, protect ourselves against her "aggressions," without working ourselves up into a needless fury of condemnation.

RUSSIAN MISDEMEANORS

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SOcial HISTORY IN THESE DAYS is made fast. Here we have employers turning themselves into unions, like the laborers, and there we have the courts enjoining the employers from conspiring against union labor, for all the world like the injunctions which have been issued on the other side. What has been sauce for the goose is being offered to the gander. The rules are being shuffled up and distributed in opposite directions. Meantime, the public looks on cheerfully and heartily wishes that the best cause, in each particular case, may win. If you are building a house, and two unions are striking against each other, the situation is not so funny, but if you have no personal interest you can see all these details as incidents in the most interesting development of our era. Bullets and battles and heavy battalions generally are beginning to bore the more reflective minds. Force has become a "chestnut." The solution of human rights by the bayonet is now approved only when it is ap-

plied to nations of a civilization different from our own. Here in America we want things to be worked out in the realm of thought. The courts have been making important decisions about the rights of organized labor, of organized capital, and the people are thinking just as hard as the courts. If labor throws a brick we regret it, and disapprove, but not in a self-righteous passion, for we remember that while labor was throwing the brick, capital was buying a Senator, thus breaking a law as important as the laws against violence. Neither bricks nor bribes are the worthiest argument, and public opinion condemns them both. More interesting, however, than the faults of the combatants, are the essential rights involved. The solution of them is of far deeper import than the condemnation of either party for irregularity. On the surface there is much scolding over inconvenience and unreason, but underneath is the national desire that justice be done, though it cost something to us all.

PULL SAINT PULL DEVIL

THE PROVERB THAT MONEY is the root of all evil has not yet entirely lost its force. Money is not as inevitably associated with violence and corruption as it was in earlier times, but it is still difficult to manage with a clean soul. Knowledge, understanding, talent and sympathy, for instance, are possessions which may be kept more easily without evil. The wholesome activities which have recently been at work in exposing corruption throughout the country have traced much of it to the interests of business, or, in other words, of money. Missouri is just now ringing with information about trickery and bribery, in which the prominent actors were the sworn public servants of the people and the State. A briber of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and several Senators, is a baking-powder company, which induced these high officials to seek legislation against a rival concern, and to concoct, for that purpose, tricks as elaborate as those of any swindling company extant.

BUSINESS AND CORRUPTION

The Governor of a still greater State, while remaining on the windy side of the law, has lost the respect of the people by his devotion to the interests of a grocery firm with which he is identified. If a boss rules a city, his power rests on the complaisance of the business men, who find it easier to bribe than to suppress him. If the National Legislature commits some disgraceful act, behind it will be found sugar, oil or some other form of money. There are even now advantages in being poor, and still greater advantages in not wishing too ardently to be rich. The finest and most useful things in our civilization are not done by the wealthy. District-Attorney Folk, in refusing a gift from the people, decided for the safer side. Mr. Jerome, who was responsible for the overthrow of Tammany in New York, will, if he remains himself, live and die a poor man. Mr. Roosevelt's strength, and the confidence which the people have in him, is partly based upon his independence of the money power.

WE ALL HAVE OUR PRIDE OF PLACE. Thirty thousand Italians, who have been enthusiastically striking against the New York Subway contractors, have been inspired not by the lust for money, but by social ambition. They had more money and better hours than they were used to, but they wished to assert equality with American laborers, so they struck. Once they were a lower class of workman than the American, and were universally non-union. Now they boast with glee that Italians are no longer "scabs." Their wives have been a graphic incident in the argument, with stilettos two feet long. The heart of the Italian immigrant is earnest, but his mind is confused. He understands the labor problem as little as the coal-road presidents understand it. The Italian strike is an affair which no American takes seriously. Its only chance of success is the need of haste in constructing the tunnel. Such a hold-up, for the glory of the act, not from any pressure of the scale of living, will hardly strengthen the position of Italian immigrants with Americans at large. These Sicilians and Neapolitans, largely illiterate, are peculiarly the tools of their leaders. Our laws are such that we exclude skilled labor and freely admit millions who know nothing of books, trades or soap. The more successful fraction makes a competence and goes home. That is why Italy encourages emigration. She gets the best back again and willingly spares the worst. These Italians do not wish to become Americans. They look upon themselves as wronged foreigners. They are still talking about the murders of a dozen years ago, for which the American Government has just been paying. "If an Italian is only worth \$1,000 a head," say they, "the Americans may find it worth while to kill them all." We take no such gloomy view as that, and yet we are inclined to think that this enormous immigration, from those parts of Italy which are a drag on their own country, has acquired the dignity of a peril. This country is no longer suffering from paucity of numbers. An education test would be fair to all. It would involve some hard-

ITALIAN ASPIRATIONS



ship. Progress is hard. Darwin's law is hard. But such an educational requirement would only mean that admission to our country had become a prize, to be granted when it was fairly earned, and we should thus protect ourselves against a larger allowance of ignorance than even our sturdy system can advantageously digest.

THE PEOPLE USED TO AMUSE THEMSELVES drawing up lists of the ten greatest pictures or the one hundred best books in the world. Recently the most popular form of intellectual athletics is holding tournaments about the faults and merits of William Shakespeare. Baconians are still born and still talk; modern playwrights gain notoriety by breaking their spears on each other's helmets over the standing of the bard; our great ones, like Carnegie, Corelli and Hall Caine, get all tangled up with him; and now comes another encounter, between a Chicago instructor of youth and an actor of the school which struts mightily and makes strange noises. According to the Chicago sage, Shakespeare is "much overrated," his wit is "of a slim order," his puns and his jokes are "of a shady character." Worst of all is his language. It is "behind the times," and full of "bad grammar, bad spelling and bad morals." "His plays are full of what we now recognize as errors of speech."

IN DEFENCE OF
SHAKESPEARE

"Now recognize" is good. It reminds us of a famous old story, which, if the Chicago instructor ever heard, he doubtless failed to understand. "French is such a silly language," observed the Englishman. "It calls bread 'pain.'" "But," observed his companion, "it doubtless seems strange to a Frenchman that we call 'pain' bread." The Englishman pondered. "I suppose that is so," he replied, "but then, after all, it *is* bread, you know." It is cheerful, when we are tempted to think of this as a prosaic age, to come across a creature holding the position of principal in an American grammar school who thinks students are "misled and injured" by seeing words and spelling of the sixteenth century, because they are "out of date." Molière, or Shakespeare himself, would have loved such a character and made a Justice Shallow or Monsieur Jourdain of him. All that was needed to give the comedy an extra touch of charm was to have the ferocious Kyrle Bellew come to Shakespeare's help, with words that would have made Hamlet give up altogether his effort to make actors condescend to human speech.

OUR LIBRARIES ARE CROWDED WITH READERS who pore over ancient tomes in the search for ancestors from whom they may borrow a social glory. Our cities and towns are adorned with societies, calling themselves patriotic, whose function it is to bring into prominence those individuals whose ancestors landed on this continent a certain number of years ago, or fought in some early war. This craving for distinction at any price is one of the frailties that the early American democrats hoped to avoid, but old human nature proves too strong for them. Man, an animal endowed with curiosity, loves to see, but he loves still more to be seen.

PATRIOTIC
SOCIETIES

One might suppose, starting with certain American principles, that Daughters of the Revolution would be made up of women who knew or cared something about the history of that period, but it has no such composition. It is made up of women who are anxious to form a class to give them a social pedestal. If we are going in for distinctions based, not upon knowledge or merit, but upon ancestry, why not seek a principle that would include more people, like an expensive new hotel, which, as the humorist put it, was built to furnish exclusiveness to the masses? We might have a society for persons able to prove that two of their ancestors were born in this country. Thousands would thus be made happy as common members, and the offices would serve to mark the really great. The kingship, for instance, would go to him whose forefathers had been idle for the longest time.

AS THE ANGLO-SAXON NATIONS overrun the earth, their language travels with them. The Emperor of China, wishing recently to send a telegram to the Emperor of Japan, chose English as the common medium of communication. If language followed power and trade, we might expect our tongue soon to be even more nearly universal than French used to be. There are, however, limitations to the working of this rule. French has lost much less, and English has gained less, upon the Continent of Europe, than might naturally have been expected. There are a number of reasons why the French language has not lost ground proportionately to the waning power of France. French, in the first place, is so much like Italian and Spanish, that it comes easily to all who speak those languages, and to-day in Italy one finds general hostility to France combined with a general preference for the French language. This consideration does not hold in Asia, and when a Chinaman or a Japanese undertakes to learn a foreign language, English is about as easy as any and the most profitable. A minor cause of the firmness with

which French holds its place, is that the French are not linguists, and anybody who wishes to talk with them must use their language. More important, however, is fashion, which changes more slowly than the facts. In Europe a fluent and accurate command of French is still looked upon as the one absolute element in a good education for the social classes, to such an extent, that the man who, in European society, speaks bad French, is almost in the same situation as an American whose English is ungrammatical. Thus far in America we have felt little need for a working knowledge of foreign tongues, our own country being so remote and the number of Americans in cosmopolitan society being relatively so small. Now, however, that we have become since 1897 so much more a part of the European world, foreign languages have become in every way more important. The Germans realize how much it helps them in practical life to be able to speak the principal languages. They learn them for the trades and professions as the Russians have long learned them for travel and diplomacy. French, German, Italian and Spanish are likely to gain rapidly in our colleges, at the expense of Greek, Latin and mathematics, and the demand for foreign nurses and governesses increases noticeably every year.

FOREIGN
LANGUAGES

WOMEN WHO GROW OLD MOST QUICKLY are those whose interests are the narrowest. Those who stay young longest are those whose minds and spirits are fed by action and by changing impressions. Those who are youngest at thirty are the most intelligent. Climate helps in the temperate zone, but that climate does little, without customs, is shown in the face of the blighted American woman who at twenty-five looks older than her free and enlightened compatriot at forty. One of the reasons that man has grown older later than woman, is that he has had a more free and active rôle to play. One of the reasons that married women were formerly the only ones who had a chance of escaping early age was that when the unmarried passed a certain stage she was laid upon the shelf, and the shelf is a poor place for any human plant to retain its sap and foliage. Another foreign visitor, this time an Italian, comes forward to congratulate America on the happy aspects of her youth. Late marriage, which is so often regretted by conventional philosophers among us, seems to this Italian educator the result not only of a healthy sense of responsibility, but of the ability of our women to remain young longer than is possible in some older nations. In this secret, of extending woman's youth through some additional lustres, our foreign visitor finds the secret of our good fortune. "Some lustres" is a long time. It can hardly mean less than fifteen years, and yet it does not seem exaggerated. This extension of woman's youth is obtained partly by exercise and diet, but far more by widened opportunity, by work, by abundance of life. The way to live long is to live much, and one of the wisest things young America has done is to throw open the doors of opportunity and of lasting youth to womankind.

WOMAN'S
YOUTH

OUR PRESIDENT IS A GIFTED POLITICIAN. He has a shrewd sense for moral issues. He throws himself into them with a fervor that wins all hearts. It is a fine spectacle, for example, the picture of him holding back the race in its efforts to become extinct. Rightly or wrongly, the newspapers have reported that he has, on his Western trip, kissed almost as many babies as Lieutenant Hobson kissed maidens. Mr. Roosevelt knows the charm of a baby, as no one does who has not owned one. Single men contemn babies. Married men appreciate them. Women adore them. Love me, love my dog, is a proverb. Love me, kiss my baby, is one of greater use to him who would intrench himself in woman's favor. An outsider may smile in pity when the mother is enraptured at the mere sawing of her helpless offspring's arms. Really, however, the simplest of all interests are the finest. This is true of art, of literature, of life. What is more mysterious, more full of meaning, than the very beginnings of existence? Woman, in feeling this, shows one of the ways in which she is, on the average, superior to man. In truth, we are personally not much worried about the extinction of the race, but we are rather sorry for those individuals who are never carried back, in their children, to the roots of life. We are sorry for old maids and bachelors, and for married people who prefer dogs. They miss part of the human story. They never see the fourth and fifth acts. They are like minor characters who end before the play is done. They dry up into little oddities. Not to have a child by forty is like not having been in love by thirty. It is being cheated, desiccated, ignorant. Happy President, if he kissed all the babies and thus won all the mothers. He may exaggerate in talking about race suicide and the value of the largest families, but if he helps to make children fashionable, he will bring deep pleasure to many who can best afford children, and who are kept from them by physical cowardice or by the habit of amusement.

BABIES



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

THE PRESS IS MUZZLED in Pennsylvania (according to law) by the new Grady-Salus gag bill, which became operative, as soon as signed by Governor Pennypacker, May 12. The Governor, by the same token, became a mark for the lampoonist and a butt of the newspaper wits, besides being



Governor Pennypacker.

defined by the entire press of the State. The bill authorizes civil action and the recovery of compensatory and punitive damages for publications which may conduce to physical or mental suffering on the part of the injured party. Such publications include articles made prominent by the use of pictures, cartoons, headlines and display type calculated to specially attract attention. Cartoons are anathema, for the Governor has been hard hit by the Knights of the Crayon. "A century ago such offenders would have been drawn and quartered and their heads stuck on poles" as a warning to professional brethren. The cartoonists threaten to sue the gubernatorial "tyrant of sodden ideals, a reincarnated Torquemada or Louis XI., tool and sycophant of machine legislation," for calling them names.

THE VENEZUELA CLAIMS case, that vexatious international entanglement, was put in a fair way to be unravelled when the Venezuelan protocols were signed at Washington by the Ministers of Germany, Great Britain and Italy, through the instrumentality of United States Minister Bowen, acting for the Caracas Government. The Venezuelan agreement contemplates simply an amicable settlement *sans faveur* between debtor and creditors. The question that now goes to The Hague Tribunal for decision is whether the nations shall have preferential treatment in the matter of adjusting the claims of their citizens against Venezuela. The Caracas Government has offered France \$200,000 for a receipt in full for all claims prior to 1902. An American "loan syndicate" has offered President Castro sufficient money to settle all the claims on Venezuela, looking for repayment to that country alone when the sun of peace and prosperity shall again shine over Latin America.

RUSSIAN HEBREWS, refugees and survivors of the Easter Day outrages by murderous mobs at Kishineff and other points in Bessarabia, are the objects of a widespread relief movement in the United States.



The French Ship "Gudalquivir," Blown Up by Bulgarian Revolutionists off Salonika

Press, pulpit and people have joined in swelling the fund to succor penniless Jews in the disturbed district. The daily receipts of the New York treasurer of the fund have averaged over \$3,000. More than 60,000 refugees are headed for this country and the Government is considering ways and means of stemming the flood. Relief distributed abroad seems to be the most feasible plan. In the meanwhile, millions of petitions are being circulated, calling on the President to lock horns with the Russian Government and champion the cause of the persecuted race. The Kishineff affair takes on some of the features of the rapine and plunder of the Children of Israel set forth in detail in the Old Testament. Reports received at Berlin say that three days' massacre accounted for over one hundred and twenty persons, with nearly a thousand maimed or otherwise injured. Russian diplomats concede that the riots may have taken place, but they say: "In Russia are 4,500,000 Jews, mostly merchants dealing with the peasantry—occasionally the peasants deal with them. The Czar has punished, as you know." Mr. Plehve, Russian Minister of the Interior, is held responsible for the Bessarabian outrages. It is reported that, having warning of the projected uprising, he directed that arms should not be used in suppressing the rioters. Much of the trouble in the Balkans is also laid to his temporizing policy, and the acts of the Salonika mobs and pirates are attributed by London journals to the obliquity of vision of the "mongrel Mongol with an iron conscience."

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY DISPUTE, in which true bills have been exchanged between the American and British Commissions, has aroused intense anxiety in the United States and Canada. Naturally, be-

cause it puts in hazard the ownership of the strategic points to the richest gold-bearing region on the face of the globe, and the fortunes of thousands of mine-owners and investors. The Alaska Convention will take place next September, and a final decision is expected the following December. The case in brief is this: The United States claim is based on the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. According to that treaty, the boundary follows the sinuosities of the continental coast line (and the territory conveyed reaches at some points forty miles inland), disregarding the outlying islands, which are many. Should this contention hold good, the gateway to the Klondike country, now by courtesy of Mr. Hay held by Great Britain, remains American territory. Great Britain maintains that the stipulated boundary contemplates a line jumping from headland to headland along the westernmost coast of the intervening archipelago. This would hand over to the United States a great number of useless islands, while Canada would secure control of the gold reefs now being developed, the great Treadwell mine, and the Klondike settlements of Juneau, Skagway and Dyea, the Lynn Canal to Dyea and Skagway, as well as the passes; in fact, all the water and land routes to the gold-fields. And the Klondike is worth fighting for. This season the output of Alaska and the Yukon will add \$25,000,000 to Uncle Sam's golden nest-egg.

REV. CHARLES H. COLTON, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, New York City, and Chancellor of the archdiocese, has been recommended by the Propaganda to the Pope and appointed as successor to Bishop Quigley of Buffalo. Father Colton was also the choice of Archbishop Farley for the position. The new Bishop was born in old St. Patrick's parish, October 15, 1848. He studied at St. Francis Xavier's College and was ordained June 10, 1876. Archbishop Corrigan made him Chancellor of the diocese in 1896, and his high order of ability was evinced by much success in church work. The diocese of Buffalo includes seven counties, with an estimated Catholic population of 171,000.



Rev. C. H. Colton

THE CELEBRATED CASE of Tulloch *vs.* The United States Post-Office Department came to a focus on May 16. On that day, Seymour W. Tulloch, ex-cashier of the Washington Post-Office, unloaded on Postmaster-General Payne a brief of fifty typewritten pages. Of these, three pages contained matter germane to the issue, according to the Postmaster-General, and forty-seven a farrago of glittering generalities—words, words, words—principally an airing of the writer's personal grievance and criticism of the late Departmental Administration. There are many statements concerning rings and junkies, transgressions of the Civil Service laws and the Eighth Commandment, and Mr. Tulloch's brief is an inside story of the finest, but Mr. Payne is reported to have said that he does not propose to investigate a stump speech on whether the Postmaster of Washington should be a Washingtonian or whether Mr. Tulloch should have been removed. Nevertheless, though the Tulloch gun has projected its shrapnel against a granite escarpment, "the investigation will be pursued relentlessly; any thought of hushing it up is a pure gratuity. I have got the men to go after the facts." Voilà tout! says the Postmaster-General.

THE POPE has expressed the liveliest satisfaction over the receipt of the rather ponderous collation of American wisdom recently sent from Washington. The Jubilee gift of ten volumes of Presidential messages, dedicated and despatched by President Roosevelt to Pope Leo XIII. through Cardinal Gibbons, was presented at the Vatican, May 7, by Father Baudenilli, former Provincial of the American Passionist Fathers. The aged prelate also expressed his pleasure at the unique gift when Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, of Detroit, presented a golden scroll containing an address and the signatures of twenty-five thousand Cana-



The President Reviewing the Los Angeles Floral Pageant

dians and Americans. The Pope prepared an autograph letter of acknowledgment to the President, who received the message of thanks while en route to the Pacific Coast and Southern California. The Pope also sent his apostolic benediction to the twenty-five thousand signers of the scroll.

SIBYL SANDERSON, a California girl who became a famous opera singer and the toasted beauty of the French lyric stage, passed away in Paris on May 16. In private life, Miss Sanderson was the widow of Antonio Terry, a very wealthy Cuban planter. Her favorite rôles of Manon, Juliette and Phryne have entranced lovers of music in the principal cities of the world. Many visitors to the Paris Exposition will remember the crowning glory of the singer's career in "Esclarmonde," the opera of the high note. During her retirement from the stage, Miss Sanderson lived in her château at Chenonceaux, where she frequently sang for charity. Said the director of the Opéra Comique, where the prima donna achieved many triumphs, "Manon, Phryne, Thais—the lark, the robin, the nightingale—now they are gone all together."



Sibyl Sanderson

OVER TWO MILLION DOLLARS lost in wages, and 100,000 men on strike or otherwise idle, was the record of the second week of New York's subway and building-trades tie-up. Now business interests feel the strain, and the fluttering washlines of Manhattan's extreme east and west degrees of longitude indicate who has taken up the task of providing the civil list while self-appointed—and imported—walking delegates, like Moti Guj, Mutineer, preach community of interests and the Rights of Man, when not engaged in riotous demonstrations or a fracas with the police. Parts of New York looked like a deserted village or a half-built city depopulated by plague. Men who wished to work could not obtain employment because dealers would not furnish material pending the settlement of the teamsters' union strike, which affected 4,500 men. An employers' union of nearly a thousand members has been organized for defence against labor exactions. Last week vacancies on the subway began to fill up, and it was promised that trains should be running on the southern section before the end of the year.

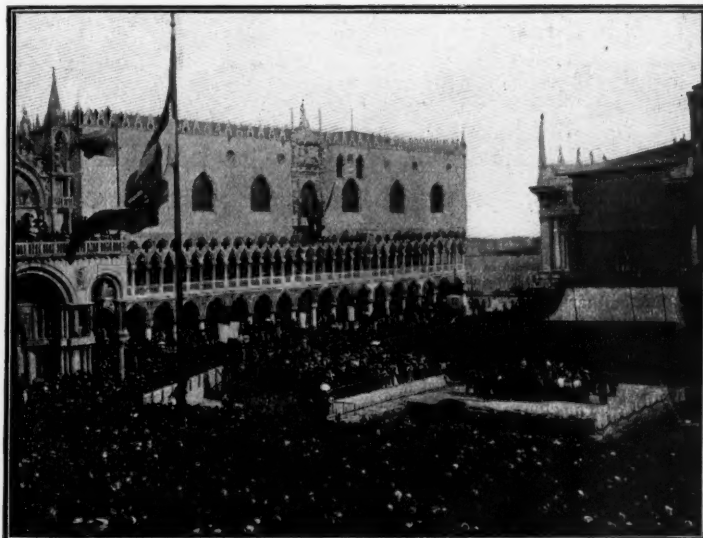
FRANCE IS PUNISHED for the expulsion of the religious teaching orders, now culminating in the dissolution of the Capuchin and Oblate Fathers' congregations. The removal of the societies has taken a large amount of capital out of the country, and the stocking of the peasant which has paid off one or two



Capuchin Monks and their Lawyers Leaving Court

heavy indemnities has felt the strain. The enforcement of the expulsion policy is the occasion of a still more serious entanglement, for this curious and unforeseen development threatened from the first to upset the French Ministry. The industries controlled by the Societies are so valuable that commissioners from various nations were on hand with the inception of the expulsion policy, whose mission it was to secure the removal to their respective countries of the manufacturing societies.

THE EXPOSITION FEVER has invaded Japan. Our correspondent, writing from Osaka, the manufacturing centre of the Empire, a sort of Oriental Manchester or Pittsburg, says that the most elaborate and representative exhibition which has ever yet been held in Japan was opened in that city by the Emperor, on April 20, before a concourse of 400,000 people. The buildings of the exhibition cover an immense space and an idea of their style is given in the photograph on the opposite page. "It were an unwise thing," remarks the shrewd correspondent, "to leave a woman loose among all these tempting things." A feature of the exhibition which jumped at once into popularity is the water chute, where there was a line of people a quarter of a mile long awaiting their turn. The exhibition fills one with astonishment at what this people have accomplished in a little over thirty years, and makes one speculate on what they may still accomplish in the near future in the affairs of the world.



Laying the Cornerstone of the New Campanile on the Piazza San Marco, Venice



The Landslide at Frank, Alberta Territory, Canada, April 29, in which Many Lives were Lost



MAIN BUILDING AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION IN OSAKA, JAPAN.—(See Opposite Page)



The Burning District, Dalhousie Ward, Early in the Day



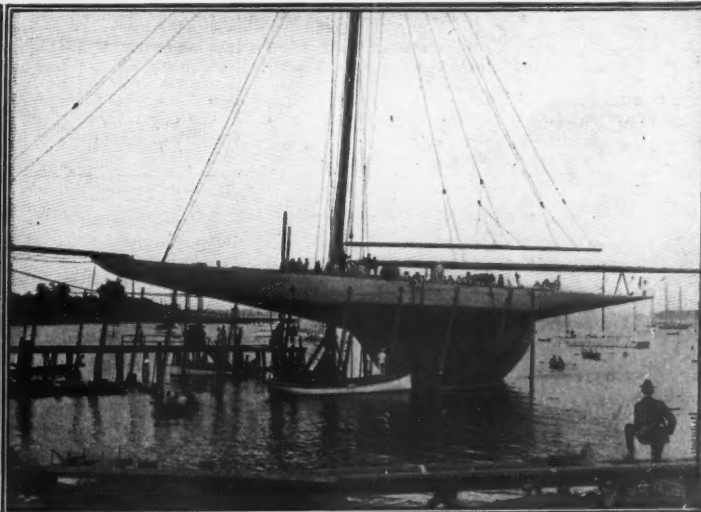
A Street in the Devastated Portion of the City

DISASTROUS FIRE AT OTTAWA, CANADA, MAY 10, 1903

Copyright 1903 by James Burton



Open-Air Performance of "As You Like It," at Columbia University, New York, May 14



The Cup Defender "Reliance" Hauled Out on the Marine Railway at City Island, N. Y.

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

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KING EDWARD IN PARIS



Decorations in the Rue de la Paix

BY FAR the most interesting thing about the visit of the King of England to Paris was the lack of interest Paris took in his visit. It has been nearly three hundred years since an English king, then an exile, sought refuge in this city. The last official visit of an English queen was in 1855. Three visits in two hundred and fifty years, from neighbors living but seven hours away, can not fairly be called a trespass upon the hospitality of Paris. Nor do the Parisians so consider it. But the visit of King Edward did not interest them. To judge from their conduct, it would appear that in Paris kings are as familiar a sight as Cook's tourists.

The King's arrival and his drive down the Champs Elysées must have been something of a disappointment. He arrived at a little station situated to the left of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and in order to reach the street-level it was necessary for the King and President Loubet to mount many steps. The effect was as though one reached Paris by ascending the shaft of a mine. At the mouth of this well the members of the Cabinet were presented to the King. It was an unfortunate arrangement, and it was perfectly obvious that the extreme brevity of the King's greetings was due not to lack of courtesy but to lack of breath. The uniform of a field marshal is not adapted to scaling steps as steep as those of an elevated railroad. From the station the King drove down the Avenues of the Bois de Boulogne and Champs Elysées between rows of infantry and preceded by the cuirassiers. During their progress to the Embassy the sun shone brilliantly, and the broad backs of the troopers rising one over the other, as they rode up the hill to the arch, looked like a moving wall of steel. The infantry marked the route with two long lines of blue, back of them were the trees in the light green of spring, and between them the long lines of people. But the people were silent. They did not raise their hats, nor wave a handkerchief.

A Spectacular Military Review

The second day of the King's visit to Paris began at eight o'clock in the morning and ended when he left the opera house after midnight. During this busy period of eighteen hours, the King showed himself possessed of infinite patience, and an endurance which, before night came, caused younger men to wonder.

The ceremonies opened with a long drive of over an hour's duration from the Embassy to Vincennes, where ten thousand of the troops of Paris passed in review. The soldiers wore their service uniforms, and the picture was rather that of a camp in war-time than of a gala-day parade. It needed only the smoke of

By Richard Harding Davis, Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly

the camp-fires, and the blue transport wagons, to be an army in the field. It was an impressive, workmanlike-looking army, and it moved with precision and with spirit. There was little color. The familiar gray blue of the infantry in the mist of the morning, and when massed against the trees, became almost invisible. But the great plain was later lightened when the scarlet-breathed zouaves swaggered past like sailors ashore, and when the brass-helmeted cuirassiers locked in their steel jackets advanced in a great circle. The climax of the review was the charge of three thousand of these armored troopers from a point a mile distant to within a hundred yards of the spectators.

After the review, the King called at the Hôtel de Ville, and from there drove to the Embassy, and then on to the Bois to witness the special races given in his honor. The day had grown warm and the sun flashed on the lacquer of thousands of carriages racing toward the course at Longchamps. The passage looked as it does on the afternoon of the Grand Prix.

The women beautifully dressed, the flower-beds, the decorations of the tribunes, and the presence in the crowd of many officers in uniform made a flashing and brilliant picture. In the races, the favorites met with disaster, and those who marked their cards with superstitious reference to the guest of honor were well rewarded. The first race went to one of the progeny of Persimmon, the horse with which the King won the Derby, and the second race, of course, went to John Bull. After he had won, it was obvious to everybody that on such a day a horse with such a name could do nothing else. In the race for the King's Cup, it was also fitting that a horse named after his nephew, the Czar, should carry it away. But no one thought of this before the race. The King was very well received, and made himself popular by leaving his velvet box to join his friends in the tribune of the Jockey Club. While there, he sent for the jubilant owner of the Czar and handed him the Gold Cup which his horse had won.

A Wonderful Night at the Opera

To the King, all military pageants by this time must look more or less alike. In the last three weeks, he has witnessed four reviews, and with race-meetings he is certainly familiar. But the gala night at the Opéra was a spectacle quite unusual, and fit to set before any king. Its success as a picture was due to the opera house itself. There are few other buildings for the amusement of the public that furnish so admirable a setting for them when in their gala clothes. Before the King arrived, the famous marble staircase was lined with the soldiers of the Garde Républicaine in shining brass and white and red, and with drawn sabres. The four tiers of marble balconies that rise around the staircase up to the very roof of the opera house were filled with women in beautiful attire. They looked like flowers in gigantic window-boxes. Below them, others as gorgeously dressed, with generals of the army, ambassadors and members of the Institute, climbed the great staircase forming a long procession of colored silks, jewels and gold braid.

When all these had gathered in the auditorium to receive the King, the effect was rich, dazzling and beautiful. The people were so many and so closely crowded together that the furniture, hangings and walls of the theatre were completely obliterated. Except for the dull gold of the balconies and of the proscenium arch, one saw nothing but people. The most beautifully dressed women of Paris in all their beautiful jewels, officers of the army and the navy covered with stars and ribbons, diplomats in gold lace, Immortals in the green palm-leaves of the Institute, hussars in light blue, American naval officers in dark blue and British officers in scarlet made a picture which the opera house has not presented for many years. It seemed impossible that a republic could furnish so gorgeous a spectacle. One almost looked toward the left upper loge to see if "the Emperor sat in his box that night." It was like a page out of the Second Empire.

The day following, the King walked to church, and

later lunched with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé. After lunch, the King asked that the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, be presented to him, and leading him to a window-seat they talked together for three-quarters of an hour. One is tempted to exclaim, as did the man in the gallery when the fourth act of a new piece had been reached, "Ah, here's the plot!" for if that hour's talk with M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not explain why Edward VII. came to Paris, nothing else will.

He certainly was not asked to come. He came self-invited, and his tact and knowledge of the world are too well understood for any one to suppose that he forced himself upon Paris unless he had an excellent reason and a definite object in so doing.

Why Did the King Go to Paris?

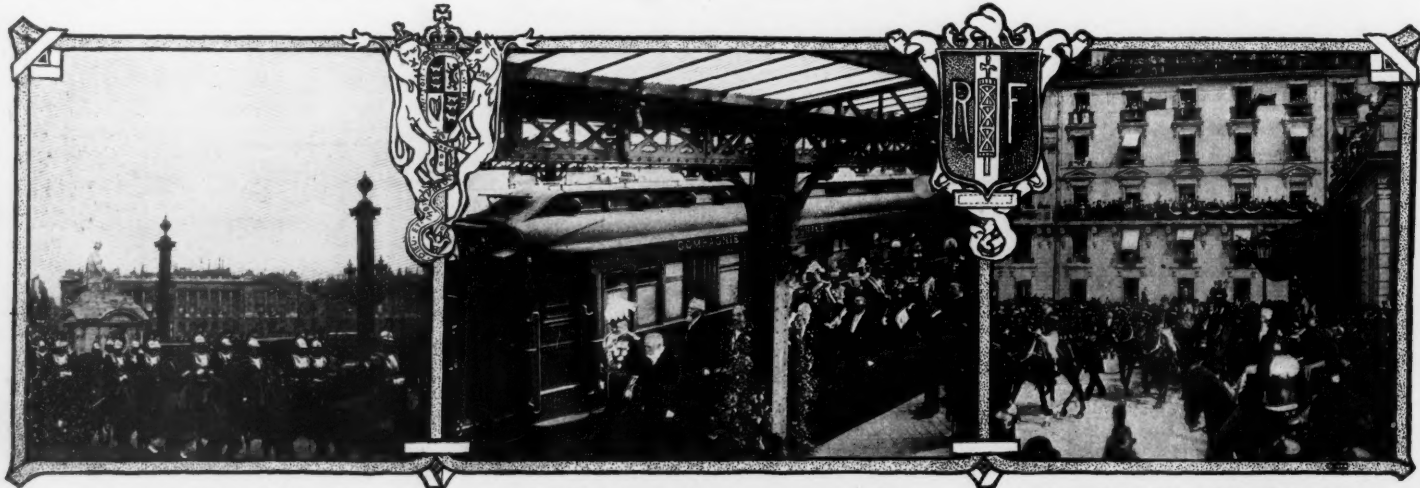
That the Government itself did not understand his coming, judging from the manner in which it received the King, seems almost certain. It greeted him with a perfunctory and polite welcome. All that was done for him was perfunctory. It was just enough to save appearances and no more. The Government did not go out of its way to make the visit momentous or significant. Certainly no bridges will be named after Edward VII. Newspapers that have arrived here from London give an impression of the visit very different from this, but there are many reasons why they should do so. The truth is that to Paris the King's visit was a mystery when it was not a joke. It was only the real personal liking the Parisians have for the man who is still known among them as a "bon garçon," that saved the visit of the King from being a fiasco, and from doing more harm than good.

Next morning early, the King departed from Paris, and at least the latter part of the injunction to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest was obeyed by his hosts. They did not wait until his Majesty had finished his breakfast. Three hours before he was ready to leave, men on ladders began dismantling the arches erected in his honor. These were not the arches in the street through which later the King was to make his exit, but they were in the only street through which all the British subjects who for the occasion had crossed the Channel, must pass. It reminded one of the bill-posters at home on Saturday night tearing down the pictures of the actor outside the theatre while he is still hard at work inside.

France of Yesterday and To-day

If the King's visit shows anything, it shows that France as a power in the world is in a very different position from the one in which she found herself when, in 1855, Queen Victoria visited Paris. Then the court of the mushroom Empire and the new-rich Emperor thought, and were right in thinking, that the recognition by the English Queen meant that the recognition of all Europe would follow. To-day the Republic is independent. With such a power as Russia for an ally, she can afford to remain indifferent to all other powers. To Paris, monarchy is as Daudet described it when he compared it to the ruins of the Tuileries, as something once magnificent, but of a dark age which has passed. A king, merely as a king, can no longer throw the boulevards into a state of excited enthusiasm. Certainly this king, with all his personal popularity, could not and did not do so. And how little enthusiasm there was in their reception of him was emphasized by another reception which was given at the same time in Rome to a very different man. The carriage of this young man, instead of moving through silent rows of polite but uninterested people, was, on the contrary, beset by them, the horses taken from it, and cheered by thousands, he was dragged through the streets in a triumph. And he was not the ruler of some hundreds of millions of subjects, but a private individual who, out of his own head, had perfected a wireless telegraph.

The contrast presented by these two receptions is interesting.



King Edward's Escort of Cuirassiers

The King Met by President Loubet upon his Arrival at Paris

Leaving the Railroad Station for the British Embassy

KING EDWARD IN ROME

By Frederick Palmer, Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly

WITH THE GRAND REVIEW Italy's part was finished and the Vatican's begun. The chimes of the churches mingling their tones with the beat of martial music, by which the troops marched from the parade-ground, explained better than words the two-sided nature of three great Roman days. A facile welcome by the fête-loving Italians; excessive Parisian politeness committing no fault of form in receiving the call of a royal neighbor; the novelty to elderly as well as to young Englishmen of a ruler who returns royal visits in person—these were thrown into shadow whenever, out of a window or at street turnings, one had a glimpse of St. Peter's. The presence of Edward VII. had more than the sentimental interest of the first visit of an English monarch to Rome in modern times. It was the first meeting of the head of both the foremost mundane empire and the foremost dissenting church with the head of the greatest spiritual empire, and this in sight of the ruins of the ancient Mistress of the World, whose territory was after all only a province in extent beside that which owns the sovereignty of a Saxon king. One man alone stands for domain over as many human beings as either of these two—the Emperor of China.

The Vatican and the Quirinal

Between the Vatican and the Royal Palace of Italy there is a gulf spanned by only two threads. The Pope is an Italian; the King is a Catholic. If Leo XIII. looks out of the window of his summer palace, he can not escape the gigantic statue of Garibaldi on the crest of the Monte Gianicolo; and if the bronze eyes of the hero of Young Italy could see, they would look at the same time upon the majestic dome of the immutable cathedral, and the rapidly growing city which he helped to make the capital of United Italy, as well as of Catholicism. The spiritual soul of the Italian is in St. Peter's, the soul of militant nationality is in the Quirinal. The Romans are fond of their Pope; they are fond of their King; they watch the play of forces across the Tiber with the technical interest of near spectators, and, finally, they are Romans. Even now, to their minds all roads bring tourists and students from every land, and in their time and place kings, of course. The coming of two emperors in a fortnight did not break the passivity of a people who have the weight of the ages upon them. Any one who speaks of the Romans as gay or excitable, must have been thinking of the Neapolitans and the Venetians.

The crowd which lined the pathway to the Quirinal seemed too good-natured, too nonchalant indeed, to need walls of soldiery to keep it in place. But the soldiers were there under a military hand as stiff as that of Germany. Two deep they stood, shoulder touching shoulder, and a half hour before the royal train was at the station, there was a lane as straight as two unbending ribs of infantry could make it, and as bare of obstructions as Sahara Desert. Not once did the lines of bayonet tips, of swarthy faces and of white gloves, seem to bulge as much as a hair-breadth. The Via Nazionale is the broadest street in a city of blind alleys and twisting narrow ways. With its modern buildings it is the only one that completes the illusion that you are in the New Italy. It was fitting that the young ruler should bring his guest along an avenue which owes its name to the founding of a nation by his magnificent grandfather.

The King's Arrival

The bright colors of feminine garb, too glaring individually to please the Northern eye, blended attractively in a whole under an Italian sky and in an Italian light. The weather during the royal visit pleased the civic pride of the Romans more than any one feature. A rainy, chill April had a glorious finish under a sun which gave a sheen to bunting and a sparkle to gold braid. Instead of decorating his balcony with flags,

the Roman hangs out his tapestries, his rugs, his carpets and even his table-covers. The patriotic part, so far as displaying the national colors, he leaves to the ubiquitous governmental bureaucracy, which studded the route with standards surmounted with the gilt eagle and that old, old legend of S. P. Q. R. Overhead at intervals were great evergreen rings held by ropes of evergreen from the house walls, and in the centre of each, alternating, were the flags of Great Britain and Italy. The wreaths alone would put a street in gala dress. To put up an arch of welcome would not be according to Roman precedent at all. Instead, they suspend crowns and gilt balls and other festal objects, which would do as well for one kind of a procession, as another, making decorations altitudinally where we might do them laterally. Foreigners who paid high prices for seats, when the procession had passed rubbed their eyes and asked where the rest of it was. The King's guard of cuirassiers in brassy gorgeousness, and the carriages containing the Kings, the royal Princes and their suites, and the city officials—this was all the show. Of course, the royal carriage was plain beside the golden architecture of the Lord Mayor's, which had three resplendent powdered footmen to two in black for their Majesties. One expected that. But it was a positive shock to one's sense of fitness of things to find that the Mayor himself, Prince Colonna, wore a high hat and a frock-coat. You felt as if you had met Cinderella in a gown pendent with pearls, only to find that she was wearing a wooden shoe.

Behind the procession, in brilliant full-dress on foot, came a company of Italian officers, from the elderly ones with their mustaches trained like the late Umberto's to the younger ones with aspiring, rampant, sternly drilled ends pointing toward the eyebrows in the manner of the young King's and the Kaiser's. They were not in military order, but walked in go-as-you-please fashion, chatting and gesticulating. Among them were a few civilian notables in claw-hammer coats, who on the background of gold and silver trappings were like ravens in a jeweller's window. It was an easy, unrestrained and natural effect which gained sensation by contrast with the rigidity of every other official feature. As they passed, the walls of the lane broke into military units which departed in their set routes for their barracks. Order is not difficult with a nonchalant population, when you use as many soldiers for half a dozen blocks as there are policemen on the New York force.

Royal Visits Make Hard Work

No one who followed Edward could escape the truth that a king on tour is hard worked, and that, looking as well as he did under the strain, he is a strong man for his years. The royal star is always on the stage, or waiting behind the wings for his cue, or changing his habit. Theoretically, a royal visit is a strictly family affair, with the enormous qualification that the public is a spectator. The mass stand on tiptoes and look over the heads of others, a small number look in at the door, and a precious few who wear uniforms and decorations get a glimpse through the shutters. Theoretically Victor Emmanuel III. went to the station to meet his guest and bring him back in his own carriage, just as any other house owner would. Only, a king must have the freedom of the city granted him in the nearest convenient public place. King Edward has received this honor hundreds of times, and the most pronounced characteristic of his princely affability is that, where some monarchs have the air of boredom, he always listens to a Mayor's speech with the delight of one who hears something new and charming. The self-evident fact is that the one who receives the freedom of the city is the one who never has it—who can not move about without a guard or a crowd following him.

But the function is a necessary part of the show; it is the greatest moment for the municipal officials, as surely as the greatest moment for the feminine world is the gala performance at the opera, for the military



King Edward and King Victor Emmanuel

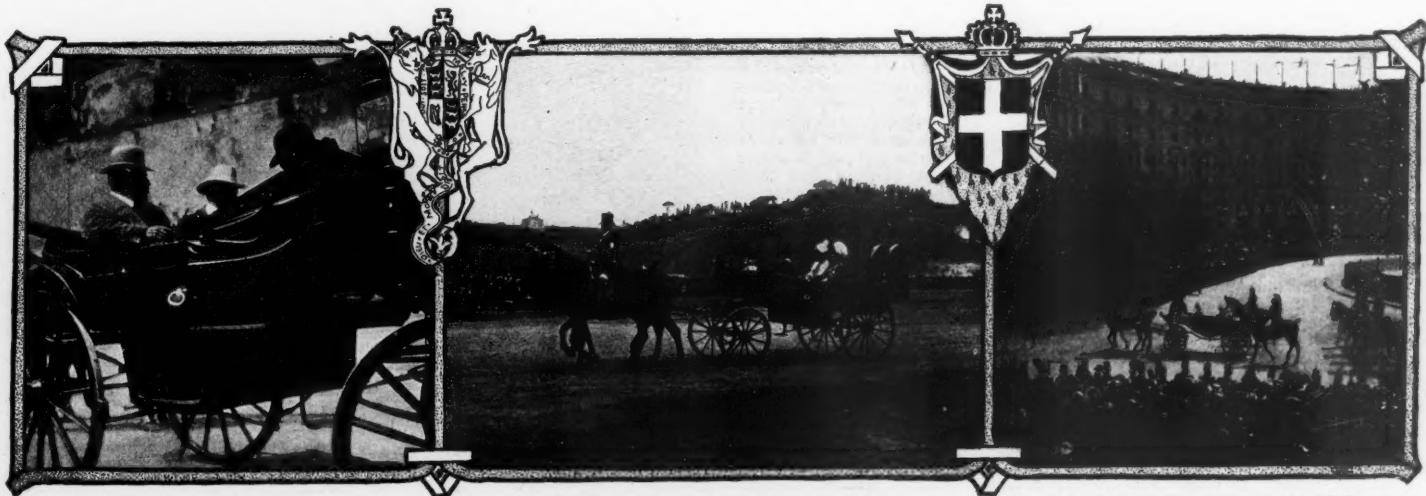
the review and for the people when the two Kings and the Queen come out on the one balcony of the barest piece of architecture in Rome, the Quirinal, and bow to the vast square, packed with humanity except for the cutting with the floor of pavement through which the royal carriage had driven. A companion told me that he had been a part of another multitude when the amiable father of the strenuous Emperor William had held up the young Emmanuel for the people to see.

Apathy of the Modern Roman

At all hours, when the sun shone, there was a crowd, a lounging, good-humored crowd, about the palace, which clapped its hands at the sight of royalty as much as to say nonchalantly, "We always cheer kings!" Never in all the sojourn of Edward did I hear anything like the thunder of the Saxon "Hurrah" or the Teutonic "Hoch." It was not because the Italians are not fond of their King. You have only to mention him to see their faces light with pride. It was the Roman way, which is strenuous in nothing. As for Edward VII., he was one of the other kings, and Italy is the one country of the Continent where the English are less disliked than the Americans, and Rome itself is fond of any visitor in its way, no matter what his nationality.

The triumphant entry into the capital, the gala performance, the review, these are as much the set show of one king to another as his horses, his garden and his pictures are of a country gentleman to his guest for the week-end. It is the gala performance that strains official diplomacy in the distribution of favors to notables who clamor for their wives' sakes, if not their own, for that card which will pass the rigid line of soldiery that incloses the theatre. At eight o'clock the kings were just sitting down to their dinners at the Quirinal; and almost every seat at the Argentina was occupied, only an occasional jingle of the spurs of a late comer heavy with decorations being heard in the lobbies. In the lower boxes were the great dignitaries, the nobility and their rich American wives, and the foreign ambassadors, and in the tiers above, the rank of each ticket-holder setting him his place, was all that is socially powerful in the Rome of to-day. In the orchestra, where alone are separate seats, were the gentlemen who apparently were influential enough to get a seat for themselves, but not for their wives, in black evening dress and sparse decorations, like a dark tablecloth under the flaming silver and gold and jewels that scintillated above them. For an hour and more there was a performance on the stage, the actors seeming the real spectators of the performance in the boxes.

(Continued on page 23)



The King Taking a Morning Drive in Rome

The King with Queen Helena of Italy at the Review

Driving from the Station to the Quirinal Palace

Why Mr. Cricket Has Elbows On His Legs

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF "UNCLE REMUS" STORIES

By Joel Chandler Harris

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings"

Illustrated by A. B. Frost



"So he holler down thoo de crack . . ."

ONE DAY Uncle Remus missed his little companion and went meandering about the place trying to find him. This companion was not the little boy to whom he first told his stories. Indeed, he was quite different, so different that he was a source of perpetual wonder to the old negro. He was the other little boy's little boy, and he had come to the plantation for the benefit of his health, which seemed to Uncle Remus to stand in need of much mending. He had been born and raised in the city; moreover, he had been coddled and disciplined until he was more like a girl than a boy, though it was plain to see that he had in him the making of a very vigorous and strenuous youngster.

It was not often that Uncle Remus had to search for the boys who had, in the course of a very long life, fallen under his influence; on the contrary, he had sometimes to plan to get rid of them when he had work of importance to do; but now, here he was in his old age searching all about for a little chap who wasn't as big as a pound of soap after a hard day's washing, as Uncle Remus had said more than once. He had promised to go with the old man to fetch a wagon-load of corn that had been placed under shelter in a distant part of the plantation, and though the appointed hour had arrived, and the carriage-horses had been hitched to the wagon, he had failed to put in an appearance.

Uncle Remus had asked the nurse, a mulatto woman from the city, where the child was, and the only reply she deigned to make was that he was all right. This nurse had been offended by Uncle Remus, who, on more than one occasion, had sent her about her business when he wanted the little boy to himself. She resented this and lost no opportunity to show her contempt.

All his other resources failing, Uncle Remus went to the big house and asked his Miss Sally. She, being the child's grandmother, was presumed to know his whereabouts; but Miss Sally was not in a very good humor. She sent word that she was very busy, and didn't want to be bothered; but before Uncle Remus could retire, after the message had been delivered, she relented. "What is it now?" she inquired, coming to the door.

"I wuz des huntin' fer de little chap," Uncle Remus replied, "an' I 'lowed maybe you'd know whar he wuz at. We wuz gwine fer ter haul a load er corn, but he ain't showed up."

"Well, I made him some molasses candy—something I shouldn't have done—and he has been put in jail because he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve."

"In jail, ma'am?" Uncle Remus asked, astonishment written on his face.

"He might as well be in jail; he's in the parlor."

"Wid de winders all down? He'll stifle in dar."

The grandmother went into the house too indignant to inform Uncle Remus that she had sent the house-girl to open the windows under the pretence of dusting and cleaning. The old man was somewhat doubtful as to how he should proceed. He knew that in a case of this kind, Miss Sally could not help him. She had set herself to win over the young wife of her son, and she knew that she would cease to be the child's grandmother and become the mother-in-law the moment her views clashed with those of the lad's mother—and we all know from the newspapers what a terrible thing a mother-in-law is.

Knowing that he would have to act alone, Uncle Remus proceeded very cautiously. He went around into the front yard, and saw that all the parlor windows were up and the curtains looped back, something that

had never happened before in his experience. To his mind the parlor was a dungeon, and a very dark one at that, and he chuckled when he saw the sunshine freely admitted, with no fear that it would injure the carpet. It one little bit of a boy could cause such a change in immemorial custom, what would two little boys be able to do? With these and similar homely thoughts in his mind, Uncle Remus cut short his chuckle and began to sing about little Crickety Cricket, who lives in the thicket.

Naturally, this song attracted the attention of the little lad, who had exhausted whatever interest there had been in an album, and was now beginning to realize that he was a prisoner. He stuck his head out of the window, and regarded the old man rather ruefully. "I couldn't go with you after the corn, Uncle Remus; mother said I was too naughty."

"I ain't been atter no corn, honey; I hear tell er yo' gwines on, an' I felt too bad fer ter go atter de corn; but de waggin's all ready an' a-waitin'. Dey ain't no hurry 'bout dat corn. Ef you can't go ter-day, maybe you kin go ter-morrer, er ef not den, some yuther day. Dey ain't nobody hankerin' atter corn but de ol' gray mule, an' he'd hanker an' whicker fer it ef you wuz ter feed 'im a wagon-load three times a day. How come you ter be so bad dat yo' ma hatter shet you up in dat dungeon? What you been doin'?"

"Mother said I was very naughty and made me come in here," the little lad replied.

"I bet you ef dey had 'a' put you' pa in der, dey wouldn't 'a' been no penanner lef', an' de kyarpt would 'a' looked like it been thoo a harrycane. Dey shet 'im up in a room once, an' dey wuz a clock in it, an' he tuck'n tuck dat clock ter pieces fer ter see what make it run. 'Twant no big clock, needer, but yo' pa got nuff wheels out er dat clock fer ter fill a peck med-jur, an' when dey sent it ter town fer ter have it mended, de clock man say he know mighty well dat all dem wheels ain't come outer dat clock. He mended it all right, but he had nuff wheels an' whirligigs left over fer ter make a n'er clock."

"There's a clock in here," said the little boy, "but it's in a glass case."

"Don't pester it, honey, kaze it's yo' granma's, an' 'twant yo' granma dat had you shet up in dar. No, suh, not her—never in de roun' worl'."

The little prisoner sighed, but said nothing. He was not a talkative chap; he had been taught that it is impolite to ask questions, and as a child's conversation must necessarily be made up of questions, he had little to say. Uncle Remus found a rake leaning against the chimney. This he took and examined critically, and found that one of the teeth was broken out. "Now, I wonder who could 'a' done dat!" he exclaimed. "Sholy nobody wouldn't 'a' come 'long an' knock de toof out des fer fun. Ef de times wuz diffunt, I'd say dat a cricket hauled off an' kicked it, out wid one er his behime legs. But times done change; dey done change so dat when I turn my head an' look back'erds, I hatter ketch my breff I gits soskeer'd. Dey done been sech a change dat de crickets ain't dast ter kick sence ol' Granddaddy Cricket had his great kickin' match. I laid off fer ter tell you 'bout it when we wuz gwine atter dat load er corn dat's waitin' fer us; but stidder gwine atter corn, here you is settin' in de parlor countin' out yo' money." Uncle Remus came close to the window and looked in. "Ol' Miss useter keep de Bible on de table dar—yasser! dar 'tis, de same ol' Bible dat's been in de fambly sence de year one. You better git it down, honey, an' read dat ar piece 'bout de projickin' son, kaze ef dey shet you up in de parlor now, dey'll hatter put you in jail time you'er ten year ol'."

This remark was intended for the ear of the young mother, who had come into the front yard searching for roses. Uncle Remus had seen her from the corner of his eye, and he determined to talk so she could hear and understand. "But what will they put me in jail for?" the child asked. "What dey put you in dar fer? Kaze you wipe yo' mouf on yo' sleeve. Well, when you git a little bigger, you'll say ter yo'se'f, 'Dey shet me in de parlor fer nothin', an' now I'll see ef dey'll put me in jail fer sump'n,' an' den you'll make a mouf at de gov'ner

up dar in Atlanta—I know right whar his house is—an' dey'll slap you in jail an' never ax yo' name ner whar you come fum. Dat's de way day does in dat town, kaze I done been dar an' see der carryin's on."

"I believe I'll try it when I go back home," said the little lad.

"Co'se you will," Uncle Remus assented, "an' you'll be glad fer ter git in jail atter bein' in a parlor what de sun ain't shine in sence de war. You come down here fer ter git strong an' well, an' here you is in de dampest room in de house. You'll git well—oh, yes! I see you well right now, speshually atter you done had de croup an' de pneumonia, an' de browncreeturs."

"There's mother," said the little boy under his breath.

"I wish 'twuz yo' daddy!" Uncle Remus replied. "I'd gi' 'im a piece er my min' ez long ez a waggin' tongue."

But the young mother never heard this remark. She had felt she was doing wrong when she banished the child to the parlor for a trivial fault, and now she made haste to undo it. She ran into the house and released the little boy, and told him to run to play. "Thank you, mother," he said courteously, and then when he disappeared, what should the young mother do but cry?

The child, however, was very far from crying. He ran around to the front yard just in time to meet Uncle Remus as he came out. He seized the old dorky's hand and went skipping along by his side. "You put me in min' er ol' Granddaddy Cricket 'bout de time he had his big kickin' match. He sho wuz lively."

"That was just what I was going to ask you about," said the child enthusiastically, for his instinct told him that Uncle Remus's remarks about Granddaddy Cricket were intended to lead up to a story. When they had both climbed into the wagon, and were well on their way to the Wood Lot, where the surplus corn had been temporarily stored, the old man, after some preliminaries, such as looking in his hat to see if he had lost his hanker, as he called it, and inquiring of the horses if they knew where they were going and what they were going after, suddenly turned to the child with a question: "Ain't I hear you ax me 'bout sump'n n'er, honey? I'm gittin' so ol' an' wobbly dat it seem like I'm deaf, yit ef anybody wuz ter call me ter dinner, I speck I could hear um a mile off ef dey so much ez whispered it."

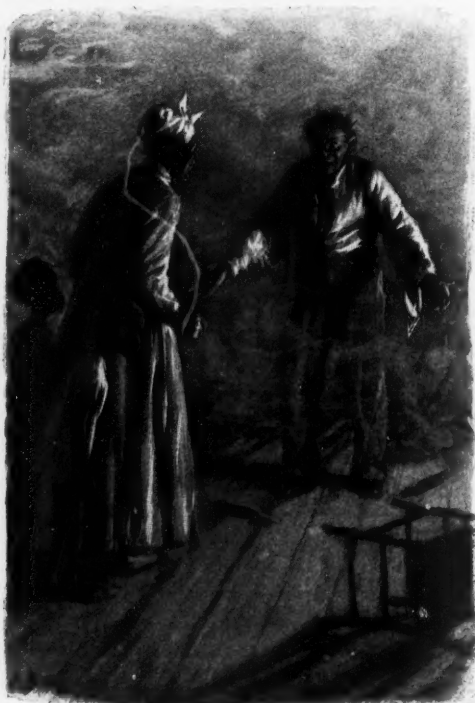
"Yes," the child replied. "It was about old Granddaddy Cricket. I thought maybe you knew something about him."

"Who? Me, Honey? Why, my great-granddaddy's great-granddaddy live nex' door ter whar ol' Granddaddy Cricket live at. Folks is lot's littler now dan what dey wuz in dem days, an' likewise de creeturs, an' de creepin' an' crawlin' things. My granddaddy say dat his great-granddaddy would make two men like him,

an' my granddaddy wuz a monst'us big man, dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat. It seem like dat folks is swunk up. My granddaddy's great-granddaddy say it's kaze dey done quit eatin' raw meat.

"I can't tell you 'bout dat myse'f, but my great-granddaddy's great-granddaddy could eat a whole steer in two days, horn an' huff, an' dem what tol' me ain't make no brags 'bout it; dey done like dey'd seen it happen nine times a mont' off an' on fer forty year er mo'. Well, den, Uncle Remus went on, looking at the little chap to see if he was swallowing the story with a good digestion—"well, den, dat bein' de case, it stan's ter reason dat de creatures an' de crawlin' an' creepin' things wuz lots bigger dan what dey is now. Dey had bigger houses, ef dey had any 'tall, an' ef dey had bigger houses dey must er had bigger chimbleys."

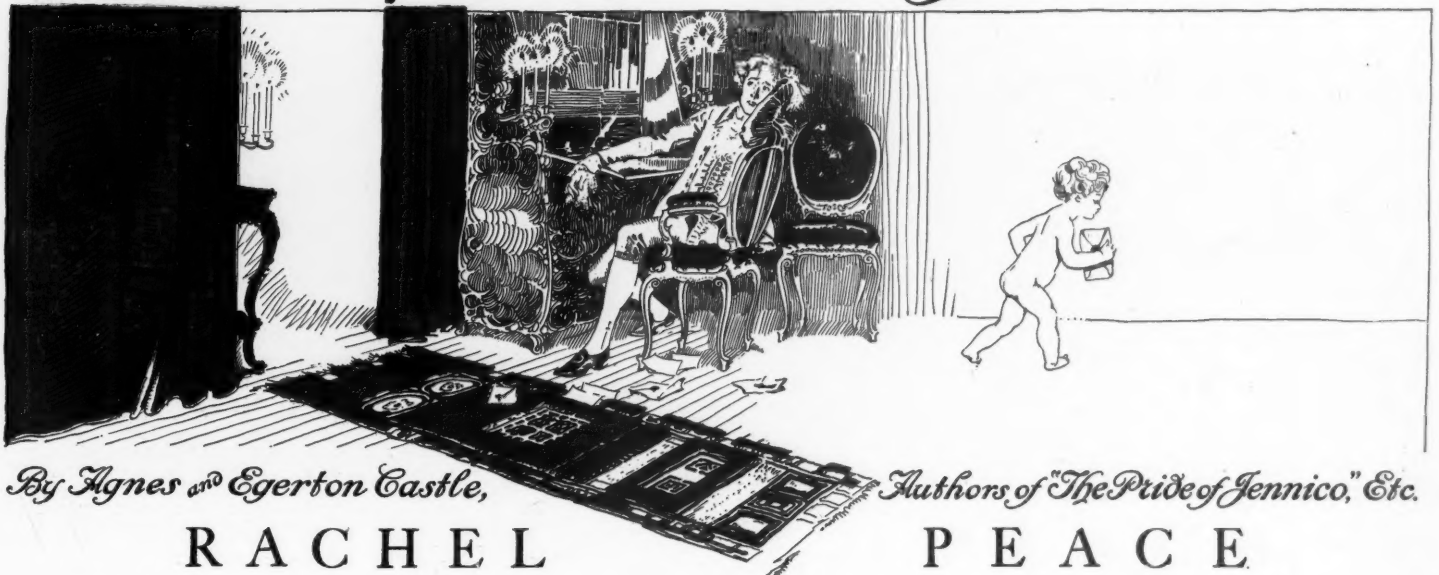
"So den, all dat bein' settle, I'm gwine tell you 'bout ol' Granddaddy Cricket. He must er been a granddaddy long 'bout de time dat my great-granddaddy's great-granddaddy wuz workin' for his great-granddaddy. Howsomever dat mought be, ol' Granddaddy Cricket wuz on han', an' fum all I hear he wuz bigger dan a middlin'-size goat. All endurin' et de hot weather, he'd stay out in de woods wid his fife an' his fiddle, an' I speck he had great times. One day he'd fiddle fer de fishes ter dance, an' de



"Does you call dis good lak?"

(Continued on page 29)

"Incomparable Bellairs"



By Agnes and Egerton Castle,

Authors of "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

RACHEL

PEACE

Being the Fourth of a Series of Six Sprightly Tales of Love and Adventure, Laid in the Gay Period of Eighteenth Century Bath

ILLUSTRATED WITH A COVER DESIGN BY F. X. LEYENDECKER AND SKETCHES BY ORSON LOWELL

IT HAD BEEN SAID of George Lionel Hill-Dare, Earl Mandeville, that he had never loved nor spared a woman. But that was before he met Rachel Peace—the young and lovely actress, who with her dove-like Quaker ways and her passionate voice had taken London's heart by storm.

Her Mandeville both loved and spared until the hour struck—inevitable hour—when he would spare no longer, and the pretty walls of her false paradise were shattered by the man who refused to remain content with what so sweetly contented the woman. He demanded rather than begged that she should give up her life for him, offering her in exchange all a gentleman can offer—all except his name! Then the pride of Quaker purity, ingrained in every fibre of her being, despite her flagrant renunciation of Quaker tenets, flamed up in her against him with that new pride to which her apprenticeship to art and work had given rise. She would surrender neither honor nor calling. And, in bitter anger on one side, in sorrow on the other, they quarrelled and parted.

The parting to Rachel had been like the tearing asunder of her heart-strings. And when she heard rumors of the possible marriage of his lordship with the fabulously rich and beautiful widow, Mrs. Bellairs, she could endure it no longer and took the first opportunity that offered to call him back to her side. Indeed, she herself went in search of him, a doing the remembrance of which would have made her blush into her pillows at night till her dying day had it not been for succeeding events—consequences of her own act which changed the whole current of her existence, and brought poor Rachel quickly beyond the province of her innocent blushes.

For some fancied slight to her, Mandeville had challenged one Mr. Stafford—a beau in the train of the aforementioned affluent beauty, Mrs. Bellairs—and in the ensuing rencontre had been dangerously wounded. Then, woman-like, Rachel did of herself what she had before refused him with such scorn. She flew to his side, casting away all thought of name or fame. And when, after a rapid convalescence, he was ordered country quiet, she accompanied him to one of his country mansions. For then things had come to be so with her that to leave him would have been worse than death.

It was full winter at Alston Wood. The world had set for storm, both within and without. Lord Mandeville was not of those who made life or love easy; and, with the killing of those two prides of hers which Rachel Peace had sacrificed to him, there had come upon her another sort of pride; shy, sensitive, ready to take alarm at a look or a shadow. And thus she had withdrawn to her rooms, after a day of cross-purposes, and left him alone to spend his evening as best he might.

But alone Lord Mandeville did not intend to spend it. Hitherto, out of consideration for her, he had asked no guest inside his doors. But now, with characteristic disregard of the evil weather, he had sent for his neighbor, Sir Everard Cheverel of Bindon—as good company, for all his threescore years, as any man in England. The roads would be bad going, this night; and the hours of solitary waiting soon became irksome to the young man.

But, presently, as he stood with his back to the fire toasting his handsome calves, the hail of a human voice rose distinct above the clamoring wind. Mandeville started from his musing; a mischievous smile twisted his lips.

"Poor old Cheverel," he thought cynically, "nothing but a due appreciation of Alston's cellars and a right sense of the honor of an invitation from my noble self would have brought him from a snug chimney-corner to-night!"

Then, as the call without rose louder, closer and in-

sistent, his lordship, in a hospitable hurry, pealed his own bell and stood in the hall, bustling the eager servants, before even the travellers without had reached the haven of the porch.

"Most excellent Cheverel—" he was beginning jovially, as the two folds of the great outer door wheeled noiselessly back under the ministrations of a pair of brisk footmen; but the words were cut short on his lips by sheer amazement. Instead of the tall, bent shape he had expected to see, there met his gaze something soft, round and fluffy, not unlike a human white bird puffed out with cold and petulance, something that was poised but a second on his threshold and then fluttered in toward him, shaking snowy plumes.

A few crisp snowflakes flew like dove feathers in the air; and this mass of white fur, marabou, lace and wadded silk resolved itself into a much wrapped up little lady.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Mandeville delighted. "Madame—your most devoted, most honored—"

Again he broke off; from under thrust-back hood a small round face had looked out upon him, bright and rosy from the cold air—a pair of lustrous dark eyes—a dimpling smile. But, even as he looked, the pretty smile directed toward him had become fixed in a dismay as sudden as his own.

"Mistress Bellairs!" he cried, with his dark frown.



Steam was beginning to rise about him.

"Lord Mandeville!" she ejaculated with a tone of primmest discontent.

The last person, in very truth, whom either had desired to see! Mistress Bellairs had been placed by the nobleman in the incredible and odious position of being almost jilted—she who had hitherto reserved to herself the exclusive right in such transactions! As for Lord Mandeville, that this particular lady of the world—toward whom, indeed, his conscience was not altogether easy—his sister's chosen companion, the very impersonation, as it were, of the social existence his friends desired for him; that Mrs. Bellairs, in short, should find him in this rural retreat *en partie fine* with his poor Rachel . . . it seemed a piece of spite as evil as ever fate could show a gentleman! And he fiercely resented it. "Is this a trick of my dear family?" was

his next thought. And that brow of his that could lower to such purpose grew yet more thunder-black.

But there was no mistaking the genuineness of Mistress Kitty's own annoyance; she turned, a perfect whirlwind of fluff and fury, upon the two figures that now advanced in her wake.

The first was a bemuddled damsel with "Confidential Woman" proclaimed in every step of her pert advance and in every fold of her smart attire. Her pretty little nose was pinched with the cold, her sharp eyes roved with squirrel-like curiosity from side to side. She laid on her mistress's cloak a possessive hand, that was, however, sharply thrust on one side, while the lady poured the vials of her wrath upon the third traveller—a tall man who came in, stamping his great riding-boots free of the snow, beating his numbed hands against his sides and cursing the cold in a brogue so genial as to rob his language of all indecorum.

"Mr. O'Hara," said Mrs. Bellairs, "how could you, how dared you, bring me to this house?"

"Why, Kitty darling!" cried the startled gentleman. "Sir!"

"Madam, I should say— Sure the word keeps slipping out, my jewel. Why, whose house is it at all?"

"A house, sir," cried Kitty, stamping her foot in her turn, "where I will not be insulted by stopping another instant!"

The great doors had been closed behind the speaker during this brief dialogue, and an agreeable warmth was beginning to steal through their benumbed limbs; nevertheless Mr. O'Hara responded with alacrity: "Insulted, is it? Why, then, that's easily remedied—open the door again, you fellows; the lady's going back into her coach!"

Upon his gesture the lackeys once more flung the portals wide, and a whistling blast rushed eddying into the hall, bearing the ice of death upon its wings. Mr. O'Hara extended his be-cuffed wrist with a fine air of breeding.

"And if we are lost in the black snow together," said he radiantly, "it's not I that will complain!"

Mrs. Bellairs cast but one look at the gulf without, where the bleak night was pointed with the cruel gleams of snow. Then she shuddered.

"Lydia!" she moaned faintly and demanded a chair—for a swoon was her immediate intention.

Her cavalier tipped the faintest suspicion of a wink to the host, who stood sardonically awaiting their decision—a wink of so delicate a meaning, and, withal, so gay a humor, that the fastidious nobleman's heart was instantly won over. His lordship waved his hand: "Let coach and cattle be taken round to the stables—the luggage brought in!" he ordered.

The doors flew to once more. And Lord Mandeville, eager to secure so entertaining a companion as Mr. O'Hara promised to be, without the concomitant awkwardness of his companion's society, addressed himself with great presence of mind to Mrs. Bellairs, whose damask cheek precluded any anxiety, even in the breast of the devoted Irishman, as to the condition of her heart's action.

"Madam," said he, "it is my grief that my presence here should be regarded by you as an insult. Nevertheless, it is a joy and a source of thankfulness that my house should afford you shelter from the storm. Pray allow me to induce you to make use of the one while avoiding the other. A suite of rooms shall be prepared for you; and, I assure you, you shall receive every attention without being exposed to meet the object of your displeasure. Let the housekeeper be called!"

Mistress Kitty disengaged herself from her attendant's perfunctory support, and, opening fabulous eyelashes, vouchsafed upon the speaker the glimmer of a most insolent eye.

"The housekeeper . . ." she murmured. "Heaven grant a respectable person!" And forthwith deemed it safest to relapse into fresh symptoms of syncope.



A CASTLE IN

THESE YOUNG GIRLS WHO MARRY OLD MILL

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA

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E IN THE AIR

OLD MILLIONAIRES SHOULD STOP DREAMING

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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Lord Mandeville gave a short laugh like a snort. "Little cat!" thought he. "Mercy! but what an escape I've had!"

In a very little while the fair traveller, leaning upon the arm of her tire-woman, was consigned over to the charge of an apple-blossom faced, white-curled old lady, the innocent serenity of whose expression bore a finer witness to respectability than could the sourest prudery. To look at Mrs. Comfort's countenance and to refuse belief in the candor of her soul was sheer impossibility! Kitty Bellairs went therefore, lamblake, in her wake to "the saffron chamber," followed by her host's parting promise of a cup of Mrs. Comfort's own apple-posset before that supper which was to be served to her anon in state and privacy. The last assurance by the way, delivered with the air of superfine civility, fell something less than agreeably upon the lady's ear. Such is the inconsequence of "little cats!"

Left to themselves, the two gentlemen measured each other with a mutually appraising eye; then each, with approval in his mien, bowed to the other.

"I have not heard the name of my hospitable entertainer, but I could make a good guess, I'm thinking," said Mr. O'Hara. "Lord Mandeville?"

"No other, sir," said the peer. "I myself, I believe, have the honor of seeing Mr. O'Hara. Any relation to my Lord Viscount Kilcrouney?"

"His own son, no less!" responded the traveller jovially. "Sole heir of his house and name, to the family debts and the best cellar between Cork and Derry—and that will be drunk to the last bottle before the old boy thinks of leaving this world for a better one—more power to him!"

"I am delighted," said Mandeville. And in sooth he looked it; the restless devil within him was rapidly becoming an unwontedly jovial one. He caught O'Hara by the arm and marched him into the warm library, with its fragrance of old books and burning wood.

"Faith, and I'm delighted too!" said Denis, wheeling round to the blaze. "Sure there's not another man in the kingdom that has done me such a good turn as yourself!"

The earl raised his red eyebrows, unconsciously haughty. How had he done Mr. O'Hara a turn of any kind?

"Sure, by your want of taste," said Denis. "Haden't you the offer of a king's morsel, my lord, and haven't you left it to—?"

"I trust, my good sir, to one so appreciative as yourself. But I needn't ask. 'Tis as good as a honeymoon journey. Lucky dog!" said his lordship, with a lurch toward the Irishman as he stood dividing the heavy tails of his great coat.

"Lucky! You never made a greater mistake in your life. It's as much as she'll do if she'll let me squeeze the tip of her little finger. And sure, I daren't even do that for fear of hurting the tender creature—" O'Hara paused and flung a misgiving glance upon Lord Mandeville's countenance. "I'm thinking," he went on, "it's but little acquaintance you had with Mrs. Bellairs after all."

"Very little," the other hastened to assure him. Tiger of jealousy as he could be himself, he was sharp enough to read the lover's thought.

O'Hara flung himself into a big armchair and stretched out each slim leg in its snow-sodden boot to the hearth's blaze. Steam was beginning to rise about him.

"If you think now she'd even let me sit beside her in the coach!" he resumed in a grumbling tone. "I've been riding by the window, in the devil's own weather, these two days. By the powers, but I thought this blessed night every minute would be our next! What with my poor chestnut going lame on me, out of contrariness, and our being in the ditch twice (I scored there, though—for hadn't I the pulling of my little darling out?) and what with her squealing at me through the window, and asking me where we were, and me not knowing a foot, barring that it was the

good as an angel's beacon! Faith and that was the funny part of it too—for the gates were flung open for us before I'd time to let a yell, just as if we had been expected."

"I am expecting a friend to-night," interpolated Lord Mandeville.

"Well, I could conceive a worse death for a man," pursued Mr. O'Hara reflectively, "than to fall asleep in the snow, with his arms round Kitty Bellairs—though she'd have scratched my eyes out first, most likely, and, as long as she'd a bit of breath left, would have vowed it was my fault entirely! Nothing would serve her, you see, but to Bath she must return, after—after—" O'Hara paused and sought for an elegant expression—"after your lordship's display of bad taste, as I said, and last little affair of delicacy. She couldn't find her pleasure in Town at all. And, of course, I had to go too; for there are too many gentlemen on the road these dark nights—as any one would know."

He flung open his coat as he spoke and carelessly relieved himself of a brace of pistols, which he handled

in so knowing a manner that Lord Mandeville, whose eye rested upon him with amusement, broke out into his odd laugh. "I vow," he cried, "any one might take you for 'the Captain' himself, Mr. O'Hara."

A singular little stillness fell over the Irishman at these words; and his dancing eye gazed suddenly into vacancy. Then, after an appreciable pause, he echoed Mandeville's laugh with a slow, spectral note.

"By the Lord Harry!" said the latter to himself, "this is even better than I thought. When we get some Burgundy into him, there will be rare fun! I almost wish I had left old Chevalier in peace." Aloud he cried to his guest that he must change his wet garments and then they would make a night of it!

But as Lord Mandeville and Mr. O'Hara sat once more before the kindly logs, with the generous bottle between them in utmost good fellowship, it was not of lawless deeds on heath and crossways that the mercurial visitor's wine-loosened tongue was disposed to wag, but rather upon the superlative attraction of his chosen fair. At the first bumper he was gently dithyrambic; at the second, enthusiastic; at the third positively defiant.

He grasped the decanter, poured out a fresh bumper, held it solemnly aloft: "To Kitty Bellairs!" he cried. "The fairest lady that ever stepped this earth. The angel of my thoughts. To Kitty Bellairs—the smallest hand and foot in the land, the roundest waist and the most distracting dimple! Won't you drink, my lord?"

Lord Mandeville hoisted himself erect in the lazy depth of his chair, filled himself likewise a fresh beaker with white languid hands; then he, too, raised his glass and looked long and steadfastly at the Irishman. The red gleam was in his auburn eyes. He was in that frame of mind when a man will not be content with the usual routine of life, when the blood in his veins demands some relief in extraordinary action. If to danger, so much the better! As for O'Hara, with every nerve in him tingling with the reaction after the cold, he was in that most delightful condition possible to the Celtic race—best described in his own words as "spoiling for a fight."

"A toast, so be it!" said Lord Mandeville at last, dropping back into that cold insolence of manner which he had so far doffed in his intercourse with his unexpected guest. "A toast, then: I drink to her before whom all other women are as naught. To the tall, white lily; to my girl, one kind shy look of whose gentle eyes is worth all the favors of ready widows. Won't you drink, Mr. O'Hara?"

Both men rose to their feet and each with a hand on his glass stood glaring at the other, like a challenging dog—dancing blue eyes fixed upon gleaming brown ones. Upon this tense silence, this breathless pause of preparation, in which, between the gusts of wind without, the very ticking of Mandeville's great watch and the soft sighing collapse of the wood ash under the red logs could be heard, the door was flung open and the footman announced: "Sir Everard Chevalier, my lord."

For yet an appreciable space of time, neither man would be the first to shift his defiant gaze; a space of time long enough for that connoisseur of life, Sir Everard, to take in the situation. Then, with his short note of laughter, which seemed always so much more expressive of mockery than of mirth, Lord Mandeville removed his fingers from his glass stem and turned to greet his guest.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried he, "but this is vastly good of you!"

Yet even while he shook hands he was rolling back a red eye toward O'Hara. The latter, with his thumbs now thrust in the pockets of his embroidered waistcoat, waited, all gay impatience for the fun to begin again, his slim feet sketching a jig step that may have been the last expression of the war dance of some savage ancestor.

"Pray, my dear lord," said Sir Everard, while his thin chiselled lips curved into a slight smile, "have I

interrupted? I understood by your note that your lordship was alone. And now it seems as if I came a bad third."

"Then, faith," called out Denis O'Hara, "you're like to be made into a good second in a minute!"

Again Lord Mandeville laughed. His unbidden visitor's humor liked him vastly.

Under their high-set brows, the newcomer's keen light eyes looked curiously from one to the other.

"A second!" said he. "Fie, fie, I hope not, I trust not! My friend Lord Mandeville is the last man I know to have scandal under his roof-tree. Your guest is please! to be waggish, Mandeville—a relative perhaps? Will you not present me?"

"No relative," said the master of the house, who, with all that singularity of demeanor which led him to be regarded as an eccentric, had nevertheless a pretty close regard for such ceremony as he deemed becoming to his rank and could be very grand seigneur, when he chose. "No relative, Sir Everard, but a traveller whom the storm has thrown into the first harbor on his road; and whom I feel most honored

in being privileged to entertain—Mr. O'Hara, eldest son of Lord Kilcrouney."

"Indeed, indeed," quoth Sir Everard. Each ejaculation marked by a bow, and these most subtly measured to the courtesy rank of the recipient. "I have had the favor of the acquaintance of my Lord Kilcrouney—in his day."

"And a devil of a day it was, sir," said the irrepressible Denis, pulling out the lining of his waistcoat pockets and then slapping them to emphasize their emptiness.

"But there is certainly a resemblance between you and my Lord Mandeville; hence my mistake," said the old baronet, decorously ignoring the filial expression of feeling.

"A kind of kinship in the color of the hair," responded O'Hara. "The same lovely auburn, sir, especially my own. And I was just beginning to find out an interesting similarity of the colors of our tempers when your agreeable presence was announced."

Thus the Honorable Denis, neatly endeavoring to bring things back to their previous footing. But Lord Mandeville shook his head and laughed again. And in this third outburst there was something so genial and appreciative that the Irishman heard in it with regret the death-knell of his pretty quarrel—"as pretty a quarrel," he said mournfully to himself, "as ever I saw on the brew!"

And sure enough his lordship's next words were those of conciliation: "The presence of my excellent friend, Sir Everard, is always beneficial," quoth he, "but never was more opportune than to-night. Come over to the fire, Chevalier, and discuss that Burgundy while we wait for supper. Mr. O'Hara and I were about to drink a toast—or rather, to be quite accurate, I was endeavoring to persuade Mr. O'Hara to drink mine, while he very properly thought I should drink his."

"Indeed," said the old gentleman, sinking gratefully into his chair and extending his fine old hand, with its little tremble, for the beaker Mandeville was hospitably filling. He knew as much now of what had taken place as if he had been present at the scene. "But why not each drink to his own . . . lady—and let me drink to both?"

"Well, you see," said O'Hara insinuatingly, a lingering hope beginning to sparkle in his eye, "we had just a difference about which is best worth the bumper."

"He likes the rose pompon, and I love the tall lily—" put in Mandeville, and flung a half-mocking look on O'Hara, as who should say: "No use, my friend; it takes two to make a quarrel!" "And so," he continued, "as Sir Everard wisely says, let us agree to flavor our cup with the flower we find most fragrant; while he, old roué as he is, combines the bouquet!"

"To Kitty, the queen of them all!" cried O'Hara, drowning his last flare of defiance in a draught so cool, so rich, so subtly strong, that it had been worthy to toast Aphrodite herself.

"To Rachel, the one woman for me," said Lord Mandeville in a quiet voice, and drank likewise.

The older man watched with an amusement half cynical, half melancholy.

"To the two most lovely ladies," he said, "though it is unlikely these ancient eyes shall ever behold them."

Whereupon O'Hara cried out: "Sure the darlings are in the house, this minute; and it would be a poor case if you don't get a sight of them both to-morrow!" And his impudent remark was instantly capped by Mandeville's cool suggestion: "To-morrow? Why not to-night? We'll have them down! And Chevalier, first connoisseur in Europe, shall play the Paris and bestow the apple!"

"Faith, and I've no fear," ejaculated O'Hara with a grimace. "If only I can coax my little Venus to come down for judgment!"

"Then," answered the earl, "if she does not, you will be voted vanquished, my friend—and have to drink my toast! The lover whose lady refuses his summons is shown a fool. There's my challenge, sir."

"It never shall be said that Denis O'Hara refused a challenge, be it cup, kiss or sword!"

(Continued on page 21)



"I drink to her before whom all other women are as naught!"



Sir Everard Chevalier

top of the winter with us and the middle of supper-time; and the postboys bawling hellfire—though even that couldn't warm a bone of us . . . I'll tell you, my lord, when I saw those lamps of yours gleaming out through the storm, each side of your gates, it was as

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Seen from the Study Window

BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA AND HER FUTURE

By Norman Hapgood

I. Our Thought and Literature

IN THE WORLD of present-day books, America stands abreast of the leading nations in a few lines only. In poetry, for instance, we could stand no comparison with England, France, Germany or Italy. In the drama, we fall far below at least three of these countries. In history, Germany leads the way, as she does in scientific research. In the most popular artistic form of the present, the novel, we can not compare, in the volume of good work, with England or France, although we could better endure a comparison in short stories. The one department of intellect, as it finds expression in books, in which we stand well to the front, is allied to our commercial activity. Not only are we seizing the world's trade. We are also thinking out for the world the future bread-and-butter relations of humanity.

An Italian Senator said the other day that America was probably the ground on which was to be settled that problem of inferior and superior races which Europe must probably face more and more closely, as Asia and Africa develop. Whether that be so or not, we are the nation which seems destined to decide how this world's goods shall be distributed among the various classes of men who aid in their production.

This is the most ideal aspect of American life to-day. The early fertile principles of Christianity bear directly on the great questions between capital and labor. Humanitarianism is involved, as clearly as it was in those conditions which led up to the French Revolution. Liberty is involved, as surely as it was in the war of the Rebellion.

The American people are thinking honestly and hard about the rights of all to equal opportunity, as far as it can be secured. Many even of those who have money now think as fairly as if they had none. Interest and concentration have given a worth to our consideration of human rights that our casual attempts in other directions have lacked; and among the many thinkers who have brought open hearts, sound information and clear minds to our industrial situation, I know none more capable of guiding us aright than Mr. John Graham Brooks.

II. Social Unrest

Mr. Brooks has given the name of "Social Unrest" to his profound study, primarily of American conditions, but incidentally of conditions in all the civilized countries. The book is not easy reading, but it would be difficult to find a volume which would better repay thorough digestion than this. It expresses with absolute justice, I think, the conflicting interests. It shows the fallacies of many socialistic ideals. It admits the errors of the unions. It understands the prejudices of the rich and the nature of their fear when present arrangements are threatened. And the sole purpose of the author is to state the truth, without preference, without passion, as it appears to one who has seen much and who cares how his fellow man enjoys and suffers.

Mr. Brooks does not guess. He has been in the mines, in the factories, knowing the laborers, knowing the employers, through twenty years of investigation. It takes most of us about nine months to prepare and write a volume. It has taken Mr. Brooks twenty years to write his. Consequently it is a good book. It makes one decide, as a sort of belated New Year's resolution, before writing another treatise, to learn something about the subject.

Mr. Brooks's sympathies are not confined to bread and butter. He cares as much for the laborer's pride and ambition as for yours or mine. "Every little sign of respectability which the higher wage makes possible—the parlor organ, the cheap lace curtains, the be-ribboned furniture, the gaudily framed family crayon—soon becomes the basis of a sentiment as powerful as it is salutary. Do we imagine that their symbols of respectability mean less to them than to the fops of the fashionable quarter? I have known a man grow gray with trouble in five years, because his income shrank just enough to force him to move into a less distinguished part of the town. He still had every possible comfort, but could not have the private school, the doctor, the dentist of the élite in his former neighborhood. Workingmen, and more especially their wives, who have once gained the income of modest comfort, have something to lose, upon which great price is set, and therefore organize, strike and struggle, often in most regrettable ways, to maintain that standard. The fear of losing their standard acts upon them precisely as it does on their 'betters.' Lowest paid labor revolts less frequently, not only because it is duller and more helpless, but because the sentiment which gathers and strengthens about the newly worn luxuries is still too feeble. It is the sense of insecurity, lest these symbols of getting on in the world may at any time be lost, that is at present, as it is long likely to remain, one of the deepest and most justifiable sources of discontent. Nothing is so habitually ignored, in attempts to understand industrial struggles, as the force and prevalence of this sentiment."

How does this cultivated gentleman, in comfortable circumstances, feel toward the humble striker, whose efforts to better himself so often call down upon him the solemn sermonizations of the rich? "There is no more poignant tragedy than the freely accepted suffering which thousands of fathers and mothers will undergo during the wasting months of a strike. With children to feed, these parents know all that it means to have every cent of income stopped for an indefinite future. They know that the little luxuries must disappear, that the petty saving must be quickly spent, and a plague of debts at once begin."

Is it tyranny, because some, who wish to work and not to strike, are voted down by the majority? If so, is the majority government of the United States a tyranny? Mr. Brooks does not defend violence against the non-union worker. He does sympathize with majority rule in the unions.

"Sparta perished," says the German Lange, "when the whole land of the country belonged to a hundred families; Rome when a proletariat of millions stood opposed to a few thousands of proprietors, whose resources were so enormous that Crassus considered no one rich who could not maintain an army at his own expense."

"The hopelessly poor will just as easily hate the law as the over-rich despise it."

Our over-rich despise it. They buy Senators and race automobiles. If a President enforces some law against them, as Mr. Roosevelt is now doing, they look upon him as an anarchist. The rich of Wall Street are to-day a compact body against the renomination of the President. If it were because he talks too much and too coarsely about fighting, much might be said upon their side. Since it is merely because he sets a limit to their violation of law, their wish to knife him is a disgrace to them.

"Our present social inequality," says Matthew Arnold, "materializes the upper class, vulgarizes the middle class, and brutalizes the lower class." The classes are nearer together in this country, especially in opportunity, but large changes will still be made before our history is finished. If this be socialism, perhaps Mr. Brooks might say, make the most of it. He does not always "accept the actual as natural." He will not be satisfied until those who now put their vitality into the heat and rush of factory machinery, have at least two hours off of every working day to put into unexhausted leisure, to give real freshness of body and of mind. And the great use of Mr. Brooks's book is that the mass of information keeps these ideals from seeming like a dream. It makes them look like the slowly approaching fact.

III. The Price of Education

When the head of our foremost university talks about education for the people, about democracy and what it costs, we do well to listen. President Eliot has been a pioneer. He has done much to crush the old idea of culture, as one settled training, and much to usher in the new culture of utility. He is a democrat. He wishes universities to serve the needs of the many, and he wishes the common schools to open the doors of power to all.

The thesis of his little book, "More Money for the Public Schools," is that education costs money, and is worth it. If the poor are to have a fair chance, the State should spend on the schools something comparable to what the rich spend for education. There could be no better socialism than this, for education is opportunity. It gives the equal chance which socialism seeks, and at the same time increases individual initiative. Now North Carolina spends \$4.56 per year on each pupil, New York \$4.68, and the well-to-do parent pays from \$100 to \$500 as tuition fee in a day-school. The difference of price is mainly in the teachers. Good teachers cost money. The poor are badly taught, the rich have the advantage of trained and able men. The miracles which our forefathers expected from prompt enlightenment have not come, but nobody doubts that sound education is the strongest weapon in the hands of any man. More and more, solid instruction is becoming a requisite to all important positions. On education also we must rely to give to the people the more ideal side of life—the advantages of good reading instead of bad, of good citizenship and right voting, of the proper use and enjoyment of country life—and to solve the permanent social questions, whether economic or moral. President Eliot points out that, not only are the best teachers in any one branch expensive, but useful studies cost more than the old-fashioned useless ones. Arithmetic, spelling, and the old kinds of geography and history are cheap, whereas nature-studies, geometry, literature, physiology, and the modern kind of history require teachers of higher skill and higher cost than those who could "hear lessons." Again, the fewer pupils to each teacher the better the results and the greater the cost. Every improvement, therefore, in education, the real foundation of democracy, costs more money. When the State taxes for schools, it is simply using a portion of the common wealth in the way that does most to give the poor the same start in life that is accessible to the rich.

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RACHEL PEACE

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

(Continued from page 18)

"A moment ago, young men," said Sir Everard, lifting his ivory hand with a little rebuking gesture, "I found myself envying your youth. But, 'pon my soul, I begin to think old age has its compensations. At least, it will feel less foolish when it wakes up in the morning."

"You'll be envying my youth again, in short while," retorted Mandeville brutally, as he flung himself in the chair before the escriptorio and plunged a long-feathered quill into the ink.

"A letter!" cried O'Hara. "By Jabsers, a letter! By the powers, that's a mighty fine idea!" Then, stepping gayly on his toe as if in the opening measure of a minuet, he advanced toward his host.

"After you, my lord," said he, "with that pen! Oh, take your time . . . only be as quick as you can!"

Lord Mandeville glanced up, with a twitch of lip and eyebrow that gave him a curious resemblance to a snarling hound. Then he dashed the pen down on the velvet cloth and folded the sheet. His letter of summons to Rachel Peace seemed by no means as difficult as O'Hara's proposed epistle to Mrs. Bellairs. Yet, if O'Hara wrote slowly and often paused for reflection, the delighted smiles that succeeded one another on his ingenuous countenance bore witness to self-approval.

"Kitty, darling, that red-headed fox of a fellow, Mandeville, has got some notion into his poll (and it's half Burgundy) to ask you down to supper with us to-night. I know it's not you that would be accepting such an invitation from the likes of him—but this is just to warn you, Kitty, darling. If you love me you'll say nay, of course. I would not have you come down to be stared at, if it was for the King himself."

As Mr. O'Hara read over this lucubration, with an even broader grin, Lord Mandeville, measuring the hearthrug from end to end with impatient step, briefly inquired if he were ready and hardly waited for the answer to ring the bell.

"Have this letter conveyed to Mistress Peace," he ordered.

"Convey this note to Mistress Bellairs, and you'll mighty oblige me," said O'Hara insinuatingly, his dulcet tone contrasting with Lord Mandeville's peremptoriness. "And, by the way," he added, "John, my son—Thomas—James, or whatever your godparents called you, you might inform Mistress Bellairs that his lordship begs she will honor him at supper to-night. Just a little formality," he added, turning to answer Mandeville's inquiring stare.

Lord Mandeville was one of those masters who are always well served, and who, if they are rather feared than loved by their servants, are more admired even for their eccentricities than others would be for their virtues. The few orders he had given that evening had been carried out with such zeal that his guests halted with surprise and admiration before the sight of the gayly illuminated dining-room, the flash of the silver, the rareness of the greenhouse bloom.

"We will not sit," said Lord Mandeville, "till the ladies appear." Then turning on the major-domo: "Inform the ladies," he ordered, "that we await them here."

There followed an anxious pause. Half weary, half entertained, Sir Everard Chevalier, who had long ceased to be able to take much interest in his own affairs, and was therefore dependent upon those of others for most of the zest of life, leaned against the mantelpiece and waited, placidly enough; whichever way expectation terminated, it was sure to prove dramatic to the observer.

At last there was a stir among the attendants without, and a rustle of trailing silks. Mandeville raised his head sharply. The two young men looked at each other, once more exchanging glances of defiance. Then the two folds of the door were flung open and, as in a frame—bepowdered, bepatched, jewelled, with little head high held, conscious of its own incomparable daintiness; in her low-bosomed gown of pearl satin à ramages de roses, diamonds flashing on cobweb laces with each breath of the triumphant yet fluttered breast, flashes repeated by those teeth O'Hara had lauded, and by those eyes, languorous yet brilliant, that might have filched an emperor's crown—stood Kitty! As fair an apparition, certes, as had ever graced the old manor house!

"Mistress Bellairs," said the major-domo solemnly into the charged silence.

Shooting one red look back at the two other men, Lord Mandeville advanced, with his grand air, took Kitty's little hand and first bent over it with some phrase of high-flown if somewhat superficial gratitude; then formally presented Sir Everard Chevalier, who had advanced to his elbow. After this ceremony, while Kitty beamed on the new admirer, whose reputation was not unknown to her, the host stood in the doorway, watching the empty passage in that sort of patience which is so much more dangerous than any outburst of passion.

The butler, who had been uneasily watching his master, now approached him with much discretion and some mystery: "May it please your lordship," he murmured, "Mistress Peace begs to be excused."

Lord Mandeville went livid and then crimson; the veins on his neck and brow started like whiplashes. "My tablets!" he said. And when they were brought he wrote a line: "Give this with your own hands to Mistress Peace."

As the old servant hurried away, he shook his head several times over the folded note; he knew his master well, knew all the signs of coming storm in that stormy personality. "T'll be as bad a one as ever we have seen," thought he. And, in some manly cor-

ner of his soul untouched by servitude, he pitied the poor soft-voiced young lady.

"And now," cried Lord Mandeville, "we'll to the table!"

"Aha!" cried O'Hara. But the other went on, with a look that cut short the Irishman's cheer as effectually as if he had struck him on the mouth: "I expect another fair guest. But ladies like to make the men wait and languish. And, by the Lord Harry, we'll not accept the situation to-night! Mistress Bellairs, will you honor me by taking the seat at my right hand?"

"Faith," whispered O'Hara to Chevalier, as he neatly skipped into the chair on the further side of Kitty, "his lordship's smile is enough to turn everything sour in the house this blessed night! . . . But I'll have the toast out of him all the same."

Sir Everard glanced across the table at his host's face, deadly white once more, and shook his head.

"Never put off your best intentions, my lord!" O'Hara cried. "There's that little ceremony we were discussing a while ago, just clamoring to be gone through and in as pretty a voice as ever sat by your side at this table, or at any other; and I challenge you to prove the contrary!"

"Your metaphors are a trifle mixed," answered Lord Mandeville with a sneer. "But without troubling about your grammar, sir, I would point out that, in England at least, toasts are not drunk before bread is broken."

Mistress Kitty shifted her bird-like glance from her host to the vacant chair on his left. An intuition of what had taken place had already begun to dawn in her quick brain. And to her, who in all the world dreaded nothing so much as dulness, who had seized with avidity the first chance of escape from the solitude of her chamber—a solitude which her own temper had imposed upon her—came the conclusion that the night would be entertaining.

"Let him whose summons is not obeyed be shown a—hem, hem!" persisted Mr. O'Hara in a high sing-song, leaning back in his chair and his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"The very devil's in the boy!" said Sir Everard, testily, to himself.

Lord Mandeville, who was bending forward, both his hands on the table, in no reassuring attitude, here suddenly started and turned his gaze sharply toward the door.

Without pompous announcement of servant, without self-assertive tap of heel or rustle of gown, Rachel Peace entered upon them.

Lord Mandeville leaped to his feet, took a few hasty steps toward her and then abruptly halted. Sir Everard, with the stiff, slow movement of old age, rose likewise, fumbling for the ribbon of his glasses. O'Hara sat as if transfixed, a succession of emotions sweeping over his countenance: amazement, admiration, vexation—and then a deep compassion.

Mistress Bellairs remained likewise motionless, opening wide eyes and pinching her small mouth, waiting for her opportunity. She had been quite prepared for this meeting, the whereabouts of so celebrated a favorite as Rachel Peace being the talk of the town.

"I have come as you bade me," said Rachel in a low, toneless voice. And Lord Mandeville stood staring at her and could find no word with which to receive her.

In his first letter he had thus commanded: "Love, I have guests to supper. Come down. Be beautiful. Wear your pearls and the gray gown I like." So wrote he condescendingly, expressing his lordly will. The next summons had run in fewer words still: "Rachel, I am waiting."

Now obedient, she stood before him, the soft folds of shimmering gray trailing about her, the ropes of pearls round her white throat. But above this delicate splendor her face was so marble-white, her sweet eyes so dark with pain, her tender lips folded close upon such sorrow, and withal, she stood in such beauty, such dignity, that Mandeville's wild humor fell from him and he stood abashed.

"My lord," said Sir Everard gravely, "will you introduce me to the lady?"

And at that, O'Hara got up and drew near them, also, and Kitty sat, her brilliant head alertly poised, knowing that her moment was coming. For a perceptible instant, Lord Mandeville hesitated; suddenly, as if a gulf had opened before him, he saw into what a pitfall his arrogant wildness had brought the woman he loved.

And that little pause was as a dagger struck into Rachel's heart—culminating misery of this hour of misery, final awakening from her impossible dream of happiness!

"Of course, Sir Everard . . . My dear," began Lord Mandeville, pulling himself together and endeavoring to speak lightly with white, dry lips.

But she interrupted him in the golden voice that in her brief career had charmed fame to her, and that now in its very steadiness and sweetness rang somehow with a deeper pathos than if it had been broken with tears: "Useless this, my lord! I am of those with whom this ceremony is out of place, and you have made me feel it to-night—" She turned slowly to the strangers: "Sirs, I am Rachel Peace—who, poor actress as she was when you may have heard of her first, had at least a right to all men's respect. To-night she stands before you in satins and jewels, and sees . . ."—her voice faltered and the blood rushed to her face—"has been made to see, at last, what she is . . . Madam, I am aware that my presence in your company must be regarded by you as an insult!"

Now, these very words had been hovering on the little widow's lips, and she had been merely waiting for the right moment to place

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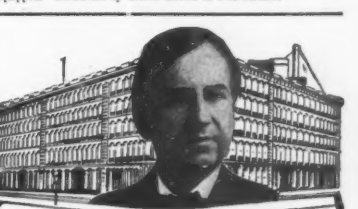
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them herself. But no sooner was she thus addressed by her enemy than she started and looked at her with new eyes, and saw on a sudden how young the creature was, how forlorn, how unprotected, how sad and innocent her gaze and pathetic her voice. Then all Kitty's womanly heart melted within her and the tears rose. Her face worked with the prettiest grimace in the world.

"Rachel—Rachel, my girl!" exclaimed Lord Mandeville.

O'Hara and Cheveral had fallen back. Worlds would they have given to be able to efface themselves from the scene.

"Oh, my lord," said Rachel Peace, turning her slow eyes full on Mandeville, "and you had pledged me your protection!"

Between the fumes of the wine and the shock of realizing suddenly all the baseness into which he had drifted under their influence, the man reeled. He caught for support at the table behind him. Then Rachel Peace unclasped the pearls from her pretty white throat, from her slender wrists, and laid them beside him as he stood staring upon her. "Chains of my shame!" she said. And at that, Mistress Kitty sprang from the table, and ran and caught her in her warm young arms and kissed her and cried over her as over a hurt child.

"Come away, poor, poor thing!" said she, "away with me!" And Rachel, all her high courage gone at this unexpected touch of human kinship, was led in her rival's embrace half fainting, unresisting, to the door.

On the threshold, Mistress Bellairs paused to cast, first upon Lord Mandeville and then upon O'Hara, such fulminating looks of wrath and scorn, that each man, struck according to his different nature, dropped his eyes in shame.

"I hope you are proud of your night's work, gentlemen!"

"Now, by—" cried Mandeville as the door closed—and made a spring. But Sir Everard Cheveral laid a heavy hand upon his arm.

"Let them be, my lord," he almost ordered.

The young man glared upon him, then suddenly turned away to fling himself in the arm-chair by the fireside, with his back to the room, his face hidden in his hands. Sir Everard Cheveral returned to his own seat at the table, but, with all the philosophy of his ripe years, could not find it in him to continue his supper; and, pushing his plate from him, he merely broke a crust between his fingers, finishing his glass of wine in meditative silence.

He had anticipated a tragedy—the shedding of some riotous youthful blood as the inevitable end of the evening's work. But the silent tragedy of this broken woman's life he had not anticipated. And it had moved him more than his egotistical old age was prepared to endure.

Mistress Kitty vowed next morning that nothing would induce her to remain an hour longer under "that man's roof." And after a stormy interview with Mr. O'Hara, in which the latter was rated, threatened with everlasting displeasure and thereupon forgiven, the little lady and Lydia made unheard-of exertion, and were ready close upon noon, having only kept the coach an hour waiting in the snow.

Her host stood in the hall as she passed through. His brow was black, his eyes suspicious, his mouth set like steel. He made her a low bow without attempting to address her; which politeness, with her little chin high in the air, she returned with a sweeping courtesy. He watched the departure with the same suspicious eye. "Sure," whispered O'Hara to her, "he's half mad. He's been the whole morning pleading at that poor girl's door, but she'll give him no sign of life, and I vow he's afraid that we'll be lifting her away with us."

"So vastly probable!" said Mistress Kitty, with some asperity, as she stepped into her travelling chariot.

It was a still day after the night's storm, and a sky of palest blue beautifully envaulted the white earth. With hardly a sound over the thick-lying snow, they drove down the great lime avenue—in summer a humming haunt of shade and sweetness, now, with its great black trunks and giant nests of bare twigs, looking as bleak and melancholy under the white layers as an old age without love.

Mistress Kitty, after snuffing out several cheerful remarks of her abigail, sat in unwontedly reflective mood. And, ever and anon, as she peered through the window at O'Hara's gallant figure on the dancing mare (provided for him out of his lordship's stables instead of his own lamed bay: a mount which he sat as might Mr. Angelo himself), she thought to herself: "After all, it is something to have the devotion of one who carries so true a heart for the woman he loves."

As they reached the lodge gates, a muffled figure darted out from the porch into the road and waved imploringly. O'Hara, recognizing the face under the hood, called to the coachman to stop. Then he drew back, and Rachel Peace ran to the window and tapped at the glass.

"For God's sake," she cried, as it was quickly lowered—her fair face bore the mark of a bitter night-watch and many tears—"for God's sake, take me with you away from here. I have friends in Bath; I will not trouble you long. Oh, as you are a woman and a true one, take me! I have slipped out before the dawn, and he believes me still in my room. If I see him again, I am lost—more lost than ever," said Rachel with a sob.

Miss Lydia sniffed with a mighty significance, at which her mistress withered her with a glance.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" cried Kitty Bellairs, and held out her little warm hands to poor Rachel Peace.

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King Edward in Rome

(Continued from page 13)

Human nature is much the same the world over, dramatic critics notwithstanding, and never at a great night in an American city was the business of seeing who else was in the audience and talking about it more strictly observed than in Rome. Suddenly, as if every one had some wireless impulse of the fact, we knew that the kings were at the outer door, in keeping with a programme which allowed them little time for their after-dinner cigars.

Suggesting the signs that read both ways as you fly past in a trolley, you now saw the white shirt-bosoms and now you didn't. As if on as many rods as there were rows of seats, they turned gravely around facing the big royal box, whose ornate, heavy, gilt, upholstered chairs were conspicuously empty, while the lady on the stage went on singing to three or four thousand backs. By looking at the audience, by the click as of the indrawing of breaths, by the levelling of three or four thousand opera-glasses, you knew that Edward had appeared in the box. Such a staring battery with a rattle of "vivas" suddenly appearing through a portiere, was nothing to such an old campaigner. He is a past-master of the art of appearance in public; and he seems really to enjoy it. Walking a little heavily from his great weight, the young Queen on his arm, he descended to the railing, bowing as he advanced. One sympathized with royalty at the moment with the realization of that mighty gaze of every human being in a scene not without its humor, for a wandering eye caught a picture in two swallows' nests of boxes on the level with the curtain-top. Here were the press, fairly suspended in mid-air, heads poking up for a look, like that of young birds for a worm, and then returning to the pad resting on the back of the man in front. One could imagine the excuse to a Roman editor of a writing desk that wore a mesh undershirt. When the Kings and the Queen and the other members of the royal party were seated and the curtain rose, the audience began to show that formal interest in the play which good manners justified, with the intervals of enjoying the privilege which admittance to the gala afforded, that of observing the King of England, whose face is strange to Rome. Edward himself settled in his seat comfortably, very much at home, and lifted his own glasses and looked here and there in search of those he knew. Not so the King of Italy, or that truly beautiful daughter of Montenegro, his Queen. There is no denying that the Italian looked more of the ruler than the Hanoverian, as he ought, considering that he rules as well as reigns. Here, as in the procession and in all functions, Edward seemed a prosperous gentleman of affairs, with a great charm of manner, who bears his increasing flesh uncommonly well.

Dis-similarity of the Two Kings

No two men could be more unlike, except that both are short. Victor Emmanuel sat erect as a soldier, and his bows had a military brusqueness. He had seemed more happy two days before when I saw him driving a brake into the suburbs with no companion except the Queen, for an afternoon outing in the country. Italians say that probably he would much rather be at home *en famille* than at any function. With something of the acuteness and energy of the German Emperor, the pomp of office has none of the charm for him that it has for William. He has sold half his horses, cut down palace expenses, changed the palace regimen so as to give his life more simplicity and privacy, a freer hand for his impulses and more time in the company of his wife; acts as his own chauffeur for his automobile; appears unexpectedly at barracks for inspection, and asks the soldiers as well as the officers questions, and can hold his own in a discussion with any member of his Cabinet. After the good-natured Humbert, he is as striking a change as Germany had from Frederick to William—the kind of king which a young nation built out of the wreck of old states needs.

The performance lasted until after midnight, and the next morning at seven the hard-worked royal pair were up, and at eight were away to the great drill-ground that lies in view of both St. Peter's and the Garibaldi statue. At the head of his troops, Victor Emmanuel looked their fit commander. The unfortunate effect of his short legs, which give him almost the appearance of deformity when standing, is then turned to advantage, his long torso, erect and square-shouldered, making him seem tall when he is in the saddle. You would say, on first sight, that he was of the metal to lead his men wherever they would follow. The slim officers of Edward's suite and the tendency of the older Italians to flesh suggested that, physically, Victor Emmanuel might be King of the English, and Edward, sitting in his carriage, of the Italians. But the younger Italian officers already show the impress of their King's character in something that is of more importance than the style of dressing mustaches.

From the last splendid spectacle in his honor, Edward rode out of Italy into British territory—that is, to the British Embassy. His visit to Rome had reached the point where the hush of the Church and its subdued light takes the place of the glare of the sun and the blare of trumpets. His call on the Pope, so much talked about and so pregnant with interest, offered little to see.

While we had had the gaiety of royal fêtes in our ears and before our eyes, we had heard of goings and comings between the British Embassy and the Vatican, of conferences between experts in etiquette and in the use of language, with still new conditions and a new precedent to establish in precedent-wrinkled Europe, in the relation of two great forces whose contact, such was their situation, must

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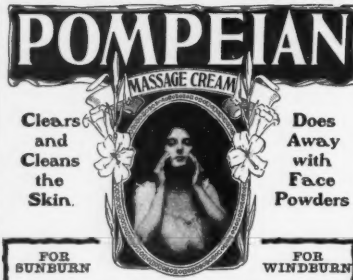
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be as soft as that of plush touching plush. In other times, such was the position the Vatican had taken, it was not permitted that any ruler not having a legate accredited to the Pope could go direct from the Quirinal to the Vatican, but must go out of the city and by train to the station near St. Peter's. This British pride would never permit the Emperor of India to do. And the King wished to meet the Pope and the Pope wished to meet the King, for reasons other than those of State, for the same simple reason that you yourself wish to see a man of mighty fame. The delicate negotiations ended in a simple arrangement. The King went from the enemy's review to the Embassy, which was British ground, and thence to the Vatican, and from the Vatican back again to the Embassy. This technical requirement was a part of that policy which is cognizant of existing things, but does not recognize them. But to the gate of the Vatican Court it was the soldiers of the King that formed an uninterrupted lane of passage.

Along this route, there was a manifestation of the other side of Rome, the religious side. The theological students in gowns and girdles of the different nationalities, whom one sees coming and going in Rome always in groups, now became interested spectators, and on the roof of a low building I observed a company of nuns. After seeing the King in the frock-coat and high hat which, after all, most become him, making his journey to Humbert's Tomb in the Pantheon, it was a little surprising to find him still attired as a field marshal, as he came from the review, when he proceeded toward St. Peter's in the closed carriage of the Embassy. At the Porta della Zecca, where the authority of the Italian infantry ended, within the court, until the trot of the horses that drew the guest broke on the pavement, the only sound within was the murmur of a fountain. The Vatican was softly in waiting for the most august caller, whom it received with that suavity of which it is perfect master, with the Papal flag floating, with a score of Princes of old Catholic families and Papal officials as spectators, and the roll of the drums of the Swiss Guard in dress uniform in greeting. Such may be the life of the King in one day, that in the space of a few hours he may have an army in military splendor pass by his carriage in his honor, and at the threshold of the central power of the Church of which he is not a member he may have the choice of going up a staircase laid with tapestry or by an elevator hung with it to a doorway—where the robust, full-blooded Edward—peculiarly expressive of the physical prosperity of his empire—met a man of such slight frame, of so benignly spiritual a manner, that he seemed ethereal, while all the world wondered what was passing between them. And the truth is that the foremost gentleman of England was meeting the finest of old Italian gentlemen (whose ninety-two years have left his mind fresh and lively) in a social call, over which hung inevitably the shadow of their official positions.

And when the King of England, Emperor of India and all the isles of the seas, and ruling in that tongue which a hundred and thirty millions of militantly progressive Caucasians speak, returned to the Quirinal, his stay in Rome almost at the end, the venders were already selling postcards bearing the imprint of another imperial face. All that the municipal government needs to do is to replace the British flags in the evergreen wreaths with German. As for the Romans themselves, they have no changes at all to make for the Kaiser; they are always prepared to receive kings.

The Lion's Mouth

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1. Which of the five numbers published in May do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which advertisement in the five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you think needs improvement, and how?
8. Which feature of the Household Number for June (issue of May 30) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
9. Which feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking, and why?
10. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?

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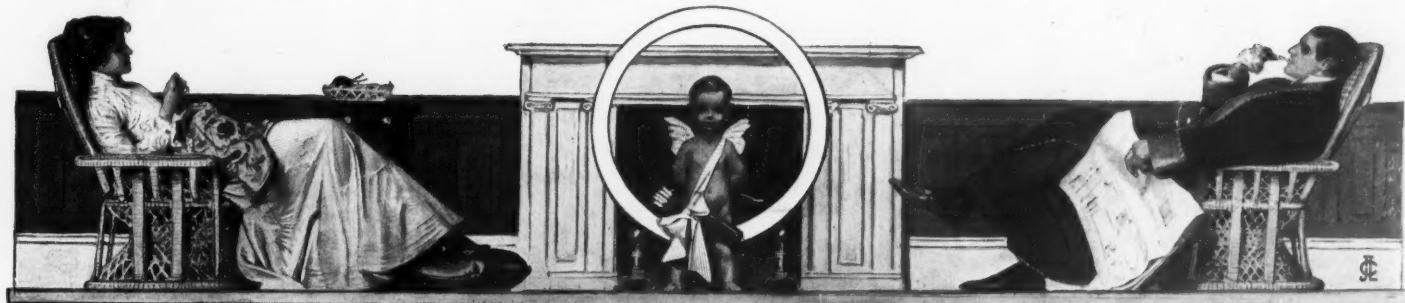
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Social Problems in the Home



BEFORE we proceed to the remedy, let us uncover the cause. Why does a man go out nights?

The majority of women to whom this question appeals will probably reply, "Pure cussedness." But cussedness is not really a first cause. Cussedness itself is an effect. No man is born cussed. All men, however, are born with a natural instinct to ferret after happiness. Therefore, when a man goes out nights the cause is self-evident: he finds other places more attractive than his own home.

Who is to Blame?

Where lies the fault? With himself? With his wife? Not wholly with either. When a man gets to the point where he stays out nights while his wife scolds and frets and worries and weeps, the probabilities are that both are to blame. Both are disappointed, both have grievances, both are nursing bitterness accrued from hidden hurts, letting it loose at intervals in suspicion and sarcasm and ill temper. There is no doubt now about the mutual blame. One harsh word begets another. But where did it begin? Certainly the honeymoon was joyous enough. So were the halcyon days directly after, filled with the novelty of settling down in one's own home and getting adjusted to ownership. And then—yes, that must have been the beginning—Mary got slipshod in her ways. She did not take the same care with her toilets, and lost that fresh, smart look that was her chief charm. Of course, if a girl is going to lose her chief charm just because she is married, she can not expect to retain what it attracted. Even her face seemed to take on a slatternly, don't-care look; the corners of her mouth went down instead of up, she let her cheeks get thin and colorless, and somehow indifference became such a habit that even her eyes drooped and lost their sparkle. Then she lost her good nature. It seemed as if the exertion of looking pleasant was too much for Mary. Before she was married, her laughter rang in ripples and reminded one of eternal springtime; but now, just because "her fortune's made," she pulls a long face suggestive of November and dead leaves. And as if these withering conditions were not enough to drive a man out nights, she makes sure of that result by cultivating a set of raw nerves that rush her into tears or hysterics every time a man opens his mouth. You never can tell what a woman really is until you live with her. Nine out of ten degenerate after marriage—and the tenth is always some other man's wife. If Mary had not changed so utterly and unnaturally! Just so. It was an unnatural change, and unnatural circumstances must have brought it about. 'A man can not expect his wife's face to be joyous if her life be joyless; he can not expect her to be light-hearted if he heap cares upon her. She can not look fresh and immaculate if she must take care of babies and do household work which was not her portion in the old days when her sweetness and freshness bewitched him; nor can she comprehend the first principles of hospitality and good-fellowship if he limit her resources to the verge of penury. You can not transplant a beautiful flower that has been tenderly reared and fostered into a barren patch of earth where it is trampled or neglected, without crushing its beauty and killing its bloom. Yet men do try this futile experiment, and throw up their hands when it fails. How long will it take them to discover that a man's happiness depends upon the happiness of his wife; that the man who puts the thumb-screws on his wife inevitably must suffer the reaction of the torture?

Women are Human,—not Angels

It is not necessary that men shall beat their wives in order to crush their spirits. There may be other witnesses to husbands' brutality than blackened eyes, and feminine flesh is sensitive to keener hunger than that dispelled by food and drink. Selfishness, sullenness, neglect, short answers and chronic fault-finding—these are the weapons that bruise the flesh of tender, loving women and turn them into stone in self-defence.

Women are not angels. If, in the rhapsodies of pre-nuptial love, men choose to think them such, the fault lies in that vacuum where their common-sense should be. The woman in love, however, is as near to an angel as human laws will allow. If husbands would do more to keep their wives in that condition, they could decrease the percentage of marital failures.

The trouble is, we are all too easily crushed when we discover that marriage is not heaven. If we could muster up courage sufficient to survive that first shock, we would find that although it is a condition of the earth, it is freighted with possibilities for practical paradise. Which possibilities can be developed only by forgetting ourselves and making sacrifices for the man or the woman whose life's happiness is in our keeping. The pivot on which happiness turns toward us is, not how much comfort and devotion and indul-

V.—What Shall We Do to Keep Our Husbands Home Nights?

By Lavinia Hart

gence we can exact from that other, but how much of these we give. For joy in giving is keener than in receiving, and loving is greater than being loved. Of all the happy periods of our lives, those moments stand out pre-eminent when, in a spirit of love and tenderness, we did or gave or sacrificed something which made another glad.

There is a general impression that the husband who goes out nights is enjoying himself. It is not true. The frustration of his hopes is as keen a disappointment to him as the girl's to her. If he had not anticipated happiness in his marriage and his home, he would have remained single. That "hand-to-mouth" pleasure diet may still the pangs for the nonce, but it can not satisfy a normal hunger after happiness. The husband who has missed what he sought in marriage can not find it in his pleasure quest. The best that he gets is temporary forgetfulness, for which he pays a high price in the consequent development of selfishness in his nature. Invariably the man who neglects his wife and goes out nights is a paragon of selfishness. Yet there were days when he made sacrifices for love's sake. In the chain of evidence from tender bridegroom to neglectful spouse, there is a loose link not of the man's own making. Husbands are largely what their brides have made them. Not even putty is so pliable as a loving bridegroom. During that first year of married life, the making or marring of their future happiness rests in the hands of most women. Their husbands are still their lovers, malleable as liquid jelly; freezing with remarkable firmness, it is true, during the years that follow—but freezing into the molds their wives provided during that first impressionable, responsive year.

Love is a Serious Business

Do women quite realize this? Do they appreciate the importance as well as the pleasure of loving? Do they consider that love has a future as well as a present? There is a business department to loving. How many women look after it? Love is a fortune dropped in our laps. How many women look out for the security whereon they place it, so that it shall yield interest and compound interest all their lives; and how many use it like spendthrifts, without a thought of the morrow, until suddenly they realize that the last of it is spent? The majority of women are too complacent with their love. They take it too lightly. They gladly acknowledge its raptures and are willing to swear it shall be eternal; but what do they do to make it last? Love is not a passive possession like a piece of real estate, that is ours until we deed it away. Love is a thing that lives, and is sensitive to conditions. We must work for its retention. We must plot and plan and progress in order to keep it. In proportion as the love we gain is great and worthy, must we make ourselves great and worthy to retain it. We must study the character of our lover. It is not sufficient that two hearts shall throb as one. Two minds must know and understand the same things, two temperaments must harmonize, two souls must fit groove into groove of common aim and sympathy and upward growth. Without these to sustain and refresh it, the physical attraction will lose its power, the only common cause between man and wife will be mutual chains and chafing, and boredom eventually will resolve itself into hatred and brutal neglect.

This problem of what we shall do to keep our husbands home nights should claim our attention in the days before we have husbands to sit up for and worry over. What are we doing to keep our lovers with us nights? Holding hands and talking pigeon-talk? Dining and dancing and cooing over the ecstasies of love's young dream? How often do we try to uncover their real selves; to discover whether or not their tastes and tendencies so congenial with our own that it shall not be a struggle to do the same things at the same time, but a mutual, natural impulse.

Probably nine-tenths of unhappy marriages are the result of a false start. The conventionalist marries a bohemian, the religious crank marries an atheist, the aristocrat marries a democrat, the recluse a gadabout, the scholar a dunce—all for the glance of an eye or the droop of a fine mustache. The result is inevitable. Even if the physical charms could last, they could not hold against discrepancies in character.

Look into the Future

The girl who is thinking seriously of marriage should step away from herself, and her love, and her lover, and get a long, well-focused perspective into the future. She must try to regard her love with "married" eyes, to consider it under the test of continued association

and practical conditions, to appreciate the breadth of the task she is undertaking—to keep alive, with the aid of another as faulty and human as herself, an ideal of love of beauty which every existing condition will assail. She must bear in mind that what fascinates before marriage will be insufficient afterward, when every condition is changed. Love before marriage is impulsive, impatient, restless, sustained by a coy glance or the play of a dimple. Love after marriage is more stable. Its bases must be solid and enduring. The dimples and the coy glances are possessed; the restless charm of their caprice is past. Congeniality, content, thorough understanding and a certain at-oneness in all things—these are the causes and effects of that post-nuptial love which binds and fetters and welds together man and wife until, by virtue of their identity, they are indeed inseparable.

Some Axioms and a Few Rules

We read suggestions for keeping husbands home nights ranging from poker to donkey parties; but believe me, the only way to keep a husband home nights, to keep his faith fast whether he be with you or elsewhere, is to begin, not at the outer edge of the problem, but at its foundations. Know the character of the man with whom you have to deal, and no word or deed of good intent can fail to hit the mark. No rule applies to two individuals with the same result. Parlor games might inspire one man with domestic fever and drive another to drink. There are a few rules, however, which may be regarded as standard. With tactful manipulation they may be applied with more or less telling force upon the most stubborn cases:—

Don't make the evening repast a confessional for household troubles. He has troubles of his own. You may be one of them.

Don't be the last to acknowledge his merits. Men love flattery as women do finery.

Don't put him on the fire-escape to smoke. Suppose the draperies do get full of the fumes. Some day you may hunger for the smell of them.

Don't wear a chip on your shoulder. An ounce of forgiveness is worth a pound of pride. Give in. You can have your way when he is not looking.

Don't be ashamed to proclaim your love for him. Tell him often, and demand a response. It gives him something to think about.

Don't antagonize his men friends. They may be better than they look.

Don't travel wide apart or the chains will cut. The only way not to feel them is to keep close together.

Don't cook unless you know how. When his digestion goes, reform administration is dead.

Don't ask him for money; make him offer it. You know the way. If you do not, you should. Something in man's constitutional make-up rebels when he is asked to part with his money. Men shirk the things that are expected of them; but they will give freely of time, money and labor when accredited with not only the thing done, but the impulse that prompts it. Men are generous enough, but they like large portions of glory.

Be prudent, and as thrifty as you can. Men are attracted by ethereal means, but held by material methods. Wise economy, however, requires great tact. There is no economy in that course which leaves your linens limp, your personality shoddy or your home régime conducted on poorhouse rations.

Put these Rules into Practice

Don't listen to outside criticism, whether of friends or relatives-in-law.

Don't attach too much importance to those little tiffs which may be the result of outside worries or indigestion. Make allowances for his being human. Give him the benefit of every doubt. If you put a pint man in a quart measure, he will grow up to it.

Don't condemn these rules the first time they fail. They are good. The only question is, Are we good enough to persevere with them until we get results?

Perhaps we have not used these means for years, and they may not be immediately understood; but even chronic cases must yield to them in time.

Let's begin to court him "all new from the beginning." Let's blot out the ugly interim of cruel words and acts, and offer him wholesome good-fellowship. Let's have a talk, and pledge ourselves to keep the peace until we come to an understanding. And then let's away with false pride that has gained us no end but to widen the breach, and drag a net for him, as we did in the pre-nuptial days when we wore our best gowns, and bore our best temper, and said tender things that scattered the cause of dispute.

Suppose he is in the wrong—we promised to help bear his burdens: why not share his fault with him? There is all the world against us on the other side of the front door: let's fight to win. The ammunition may be costly, but the spoils will compensate.

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THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the year 1602, Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva to study. He takes lodgings with Madame Royaume, a bedridden invalid, and eventually becomes her daughter Anne's accepted lover and protector. One of his fellow tenants is the scientist Basterga, the Duke of Savoy's secret agent for the violent acquisition of Geneva. Basterga offers the Syndic Blondel, who is afflicted with an incurable complaint, a precious potion good for all mortal ills, as a bribe for the betrayal of the city. But the Syndic, having been charged by the Council with watching the suspected scientist, attempts to obtain the medicine by stealth. Anne, becoming innocently involved in this scheme, discovers the nature of the medicine and gives it to her mother. Basterga assures Blondel that the stolen philtre is not the great remedy, but both are so incensed against mother and daughter that they threaten to accuse them of witchcraft. Anne is, in fact, assailed by an angry mob and rescued by Claude, who takes her indoors and bars the house. Meanwhile, a warrant of arrest is issued against the scientist, who has, however, escaped. He sends the Syndic a letter arranging a secret meeting with him, the missive being accompanied by a vial said to contain the precious medicine.

CHAPTER XXII

Two Nails in the Wall

THE LONG DAY during which the two had drained a cup at once so sweet and so bitter, and one of the two had felt alike the throb of pain and the thrill of kisses, came to an end at last, and without further incident. Encouraged by this—for who that is mortal does not hope against hope?—they ventured on the following morning to open the shutters, and so restored the house to its normal aspect. Anne would have gone so far as to attend the morning preaching—it was Friday—but her mother awoke low and nervous, the girl dared not quit her side, and Claude had no field for the urgent dissuasions which he had prepared himself to use.

The greater part of the day, she was abovestairs, busied in the petty offices, moving to and fro—he could hear her tread—upon the errands of love, to see her in the midst of which should alone have confuted the slanders that crept abroad. But there were times when Madame Royaume slept, and then, who can blame her if she crept down and sat hand in hand with Claude on the settle, whispering sometimes of those things of which lovers whisper, and will whisper to the world's end; but more often of the direr things before these two lovers, and so of faith and hope and the love that does not die? For the most part, it was she who talked. She had so much to tell him of the long nightmare that had oppressed her; of her prayers, and fears, and pangings of terror; of Basterga's discovery of the secret and the cruel use he had made of it; of the slow-growing resignation, the steadfast resolve, the onward look to something, beyond that which the world could do to her, that had come to be hers. With her face hidden in his breast, she told him of her thoughts upon her knees, of the pain and shame through which, if the worst came, she knew she must pass, and of her trust that she would be able to bear them; speaking in such terms, so simply and so bravely, with so lofty a contemplation, that he who listened, and had been but a week before a young man as other young men, grew, as he listened, to another stature, and thought for himself thoughts that no man can have and remain as he was before the tongues of fire touched his heart.

And then again—but that in the darkening of the Sunday evening when the wound in her cheek burned and smarted and recalled the wretched moment of its infliction—she showed him, as if she would have him know that she was not all heroic, another side. Without warning, suddenly, in the half light, she broke down; she clung to him, weeping and shuddering, overcome by the prospect of a dreadful death, and begging him and imploring him to save her. To save her! At that sight and at those sounds, under the despairing grasp of her arms about his neck, the young man's heart was red-hot and his eyes burned. Vainly he held her closer and closer to him. Vainly he tried to comfort her. He felt her writhe and shudder in his arms.

And what could he do? He strove to argue with her. He strove to show her that accusation of her mother, condemnation of her mother, dreadful as it must be to her—so dreadful that he scarcely dared speak of it—need not involve her own condemnation. She was young, of blameless life and without enemies. What could any cast up against her, what adduce in proof of a charge so dark, so improbable, so abnormal? For answer, she touched the pulsing wound in her cheeks. "And this?" she said. "And the child—that I killed!" with a bitter laugh unlike herself. "If they say so much already, if they say that to-day, what will they say to-morrow? What will they say when they have heard her ravings? Will it not be, the old and the young, the witch and her brood—to the Fire? To the Fire?"

The convulsive spasm that shook her as she spoke defied his efforts to soothe her. How could he comfort her? He

knew the thing to be too likely, the argument too reasonable—as men reasoned then; strange and foolish as their reasoning seems to us now. But what could he do? What? He who sat there waiting with her, a prisoner with her, witness to her agony, scalded by her tears, tortured by her anguish, burning with pity, sorrow, indignation—what could he do to help her or save her?

He had wild thoughts, but none of them effectual—the old thoughts of defending the house, or of escaping by night over the town-wall; and some new ones. He weighed the possibility of Madame Royaume's death before the arrest: surely then he could save the girl, and they two—young, active and of ordinary aspect—could escape somewhere? Again, he thought of appealing to Beza, the aged divine, whom Geneva revered and Calvinism placed second only to Calvin. He was a Frenchman, a man of culture and of noble birth; he might be above the common superstition, he might listen, discern, defend. But, alas, he was so old as to be bedridden and almost childish; it was improbable, nay, it was most unlikely that he could be induced to interfere.

All these thoughts she drove out of his head by begging him, on a sudden and in moving terms of self-reproach, to forgive her. She had regained her composure as abruptly, if not as completely, as she had lost it; she would have him believe that the passion he had witnessed was less deep than it seemed, and rather a womanish need of tears than a proof of suffering. A minute later, she was quietly preparing the evening meal, while he, with his own thoughts and a sick heart, raised the shutters and lighted the lamp. As he looked up from the latter task, he found her eyes fixed upon him with a peculiar intentness, and for a while afterward he remarked that she wore an absent and pondering air. But she said nothing, and by and by, promising to return before bedtime, she went upstairs to her mother.

The nights were at their longest, and the two had closed and lighted before five. Outside, the cold stillness of a winter night settled down on Geneva; within, Claude sat with sad eyes fixed on the smouldering fire. What could he do? What could he do? Wait and see her innocence outraged, her tenderness racked, her gentle body given up to unspeakable torments? The collapse which he had witnessed gave him, as it were, a foretaste, a bitter savor of the trials to come. And it did not seem to him that he could bear even the anticipation of them. He rose, he sat down, he rose again, unable to endure the intolerable thought. He flung out his arms; his eyes cast upward called God to witness that it was too much! It was too much!

Some way of escape there must be. Heaven could not look down on, or could not suffer, such deeds. But men and women, girls and young children, had suffered these things;

He grew heated as he dwelt on it. Of what use to any, the feeble flickering light upstairs, that must go out were it left for a moment unintended? That would have gone out this long time back had she not fostered it and cherished it and sheltered it in her bosom? Of what avail that weak existence? Or, if it were of avail, why, for its sake, waste the other life, that still could not redeem it?

Why? He must speak to her. He must persuade her, press her, convince her; carry her off by force were it necessary. It was his duty, his clear call. He rose and walked the room in excitement, thinking of it. He had pity for the old, abandoned and left to suffer alone, and an enlightening glimpse of the weight that the girl must carry through life by reason of this desertion. But no doubt, no hesitation—he told himself—no scruple. To die that her mother might live, was one thing. To die—and so to die—merely that her mother's last hours might be sheltered and comforted, so far as lay with her, was another, and a thing unreasonable.

He must speak to her. He would not hesitate to do so. But he did hesitate. When she descended half an hour later, and, at the foot of the stairs, paused a moment with her hand on the door to assure herself that her passage downstairs had not roused her mother from her sleep, the light fell on her listening face and tender eyes, and he read that in them which checked the words on his lips; that which, whether it were folly or wisdom—a wisdom higher than the serpent's, more perfect than the most accurate calculations of values and chances—drove forever from his mind the thought that she could be persuaded to desert her charge. He said not a word; the indignant reasoning, the hot, conclusive arguments, fell from him and left him bare of words. With her hands in his, seeking no more to move her or convince her, he sat silent beside her, and by mute looks and dumb love—more potent than eloquence or oratory—strove to support and console her.

She too was silent. A silence had fallen on both of them. But her hands clung to his, and now and again pressed them convulsively; and now and again, too, she would lift her eyes to his and gaze at him with a pathetic intentness as if she would stamp his likeness on her brow. When he returned the look, however, and would fain read her meaning in her eyes, she smiled. "You are afraid of me," she whispered. "No, I shall not be weak again."

But even as she reassured him, he detected a flicker of pain in her eyes; he felt that her hands were cold. And but that he feared to shake her composure, he would not have rested content with her answer.

This her sudden silence, her new way of looking at him, were the only things that perplexed him. In all else, silent as they sat, their communion was perfect.

It was in the mind of each that the women might be arrested on the morrow; in the mind of each that this was their last evening together, the last of few, yet not so few that they did not seem to the man and the girl to bulk large in their lives. On that hearth they had met, there she had proved to him what she was, there he had spoken, there spent the clouded days of their troubled courtship. No wonder that as they sat hand in hand, their hair mingling, their eyes on the red glow of the smouldering log, and, not daring to look forward, looked back—no wonder that their love grew to be something other than the common love of man and maid, something higher and more beautiful, touched—as the hills are touched at sunset—by the evening glow of parting and self-sacrifice.

Silent amid the silence of the house; living moments never to be forgotten; welcoming together the twin companions, love and death.

From the darkest outlook of the mind, as of the eye, morning dispels some shadows; into the most depressing atmosphere brings hope, brings actuality, brings at least the need to be doing. Claude's heart as he slipped from his couch on the settle next day, and admitted the light and turned the log and stirred the embers, was sad enough and full of foreboding. But as the room, its disorder abated, took on a more pleasant aspect, as the fire crackled and blazed on the hearth, and the flush of sunrise spread over the east, he grew—he could not but grow, for he was young—more cheerful also. He swept the floor and filled the kettle and let in the air, and had done almost all he knew how to do, before he heard Anne's foot upon the stairs.

She had slept little, and looked pale and haggard; almost more pale and wan than he had ever seen her. This must have sunk his heart to zero, if something else in her aspect had not at the same instant diverted his attention. "You are not going out?" he cried in astonishment. She wore her hood.

"I am not going—to defend myself again," she answered, smiling sadly. "Have no fear. I shall not repeat—that mistake. I am only going—"

"You are not going anywhere!" he answered firmly. She shook her head with the same wan smile. "We must live," she said.

"Well?"

"And to live must have water."

"I have filled the kettle."

"And emptied the water pot," she retorted.

"True. But it will be time to refill it when we want it."

"I shall attract less attention now," she answered quietly, "than later in the day. I will draw my hood about my face and no one will heed me."

He laughed in loving, tender derision. "You will not



Women and Children passing the Royaume's House

had appealed and called Heaven to witness and wept and died, and Heaven had not moved, nor the Angels descended! But it could not be in her case. Some way of escape there must be. There must be.

Why should she not leave her mother to her fate? A fate that could not, it would seem, be evaded? Why need she, whose capacity for suffering was so great, who had so much of life and love and all good things before her, remain to share the pains of one whose span in any case was nearing its end; of one who had no longer power—or so it seemed—to meet the smallest shock, and must succumb before she knew more of suffering than the name? One whom a rude word might almost extinguish, and a rough push thrust out of life? Why remain, when to remain was to sacrifice two lives in lieu of one, to give and get nothing, to die for a prejudice? Why remain, when by remaining she could not save her mother, but on the contrary, must inflict the sharpest pang of all, since she destroyed the being who was dearest to her mother, the being whom her mother would die herself to save?



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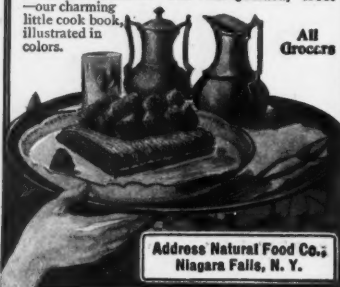
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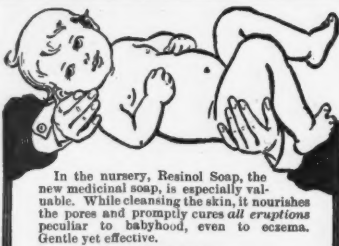
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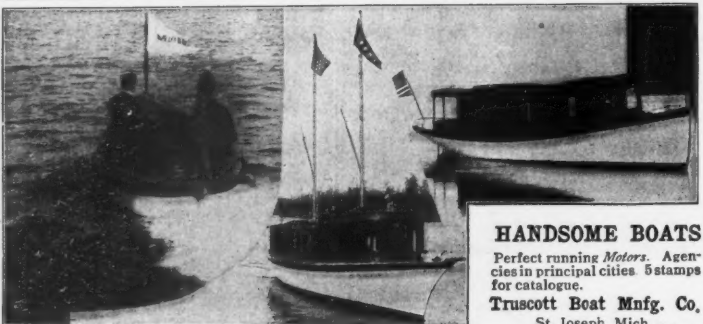


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go!" he said. "Did you think that I would let you run a risk rather than fetch the water from the conduit?"

"You will go?"

"Where is the pot?"

He fetched the jar from its place under the stairs, snatched up his cap, and, turning the key in the lock, was in act to go out without another word, when she seized his arm. "Kiss me," she murmured. She lifted her face to his, her eyes half closed.

He drew her to him, but her lips were cold, quite cold; and as he released her he fancied that she reeled and was near falling. He hesitated. "You are not afraid to be left?" he said. "You are sure?"

"I am afraid of nothing if I know you safe," she answered faintly. "Go, go quickly, and God be with you!"

"Fut! I run no danger," he rejoined. "I have a strong arm and they will leave me alone." He thought that she was overwrought, that the strain was telling on her; his thoughts did not go beyond that. "I shall be back in five minutes," he continued cheerfully. And he went, bidding her lock the door behind him and open only at his knock.

He made the more haste for her fears, passing in through the Porte Tartasse and hastening to the conduit. The open space in front of the fountain, which a little later in the day was the favorite resort of gossips and idlers, was a desert; the bitter morning wind saw to that. But about the fountain itself three or four women were waiting their turns to draw. One looked up and, as he fancied, recognized him, for she nudged her neighbor. And then first the one woman and then the other muttered something; it might have been a prayer, or a charm, or nothing. But he liked neither the glance nor the action, nor the furtive, curious looks of the women, and as quickly as he could he filled his pot and carried it away.

He had splashed his fingers and the cold quickly numbed them. At the Tartasse gate, where the view commanding the river valley opened before him, he was glad to set down his vessel and change hands. On his left, the watch at the Porte Neuve—the gate in the ramparts which admitted from the country to the Corratierie, as the Tartasse admitted from the Corratierie to the town proper—was being changed, and he paused an instant, gazing at the scene. Then remembering himself and the need of haste, he snatched up his jar, and, turning to the right, hurried, head to wind, to the steps before the Royaumes' door, swung up them and—his eyes on the windows—set down his burden.

He knocked gently; he was sure that she would not keep him waiting. She did not come on the instant, however, and, by and by, seeing that a woman at an open door a little further on was watching with scowling eyes—and that strange look, half fear, half loathing, which he was growing to know—he knocked more loudly and stamped to warm his feet.

Still, to his astonishment, she did not come; he waited and she did not come. He would have begun to feel alarmed, but what with the cold and the early hour, the place was deserted; no idle gazers such as a commotion leaves behind it were to be seen. The wind, however, began to pierce his clothes; he had not brought his cloak, and he shivered. He knocked more loudly.

Perhaps she had been called to her mother? That must be it. She had gone upstairs and could not on the instant leave her charge. He clothed himself in reproaches; but they did not warm him, and he was beginning to stamp his feet again when, happening to look down, he saw beside the water-can, and partly hidden by its bulge, a packet, about the size of a letter, but a little thicker. If he had not mounted the steps with his eyes on the windows, searching for her face, he had seen it at once, and spared himself those minutes of waiting. He stooped and took it up in a kind of maze. He turned the packet in his partly numbed hands; it was heavy, and suddenly, leaving only a piece of paper in his grasp, his purse fell from it to the ground. More and more astonished, he picked up the purse, weighed it in his hand, and put it in his pocket. He looked at the window, but no one showed; then at the paper in his hand. Inside the latter were three lines of writing.

His face fell as he read them. "I shall not admit you," they ran. "If you try to enter, you will attract notice and destroy me. Go, and may God bless and reward you. You can not save me, and to see you perish were a worse pang than the worst."

The words swam before his eyes. "I will beat down the door," he muttered, tears in his voice, tears welling up in his heart and choking him. And he raised his hand. "I will—"

But he did nothing. "You will attract notice and destroy me." She was right. She'd thought it out too well, too craftily. Too well out of the wisdom of great love, had known how to bribe him. He dared not do anything that would direct notice to the house.

He had no idea of deserting her, but after a moment's thought he drew off slowly, his plans formed. As he did so, and when he had gone some yards from the door, he heard the window closed sharply behind him. Looking back, he saw his cloak lying on the ground. Tears rose again to his eyes as he returned, took it up, donned it, and with a last lingering look at the window turned away. She would think he had taken her at her word; but never mind!

He walked along the Corratierie and, passing the four square watch-towers with pointed roofs that stood at intervals along the wall, came to the two projecting demilunes or bastions that marked the angle where the ramparts met the Rhone. In one of these bastions he ensconced himself. Selecting a place whence he could, without being seen, command the Corratierie, he set himself to watch the Royaumes' house. By and by he would go into the town and procure food, and, re-

turning, keep guard until nightfall. After dark, if the day passed without event, he would find his way into the house by force or fraud. In a rapture of anticipation, he pictured his entrance, her reluctant joy, her tears and smiles and fond reproaches. As he loved her, as he must love her the more for the trick she had played him, she must love him the more for his return in her teeth. And the next day was Sunday, when it was unlikely that any steps would be taken. That whole day he would have with her, he would sit with her! A whole day, without fear? It seemed an age. He did not, he would not look beyond it!

He had not broken his fast, and hunger soon drove him into the town. But within half an hour he was at his post again. A glance at the Royaumes' house showed him that nothing had yet happened, and, resuming his seat in the deserted bastion, he began a watch that, as long as he lived, stood out in his memory of the past. The day was cold and clear. Mont Blanc and the long range of snow-clad summits that flanked it rose dazlingly bright against the blue sky. The most distant object seemed near; the wave-lets on the unfrozen water of the lake gave to the surface, usually so blue, a rough, gray aspect. The same breeze which produced this appearance kept the ramparts clear of loiterers. Those who were abroad preferred the more sheltered streets, or went hurriedly about their business. The guards were content to shiver in the guard-rooms of the gate-towers; and if Claude blessed once the kind forethought which had let fall his cloak from the window, he blessed it a dozen times. Wrapped in its thick folds, it was all he could do to hold his ground against the cold. Without it he must have withdrawn or succumbed.

Through the morning he watched the house jealously, trembling at every movement which took place at the Tartasse Gate, lest it herald the appearance of the officers to arrest the women. But nothing happened, and as the day wore on he grew more hopeful. He might have begun to think Anne over-timid and his fears unwarranted, if he had not seen, a little before sunset, a thing which opened his eyes.

Two women and some children came out of a house not far from the bastion. They passed toward the Tartasse Gate, and he watched them without reflection. Before they came to the Royaumes' house, however, the children ostentatiously flung their cloaks over their heads, and, thus protected, ran past the house. The women followed, more slowly indeed, but giving the house a wide berth, and each with a flap of her hood, held between her face and the windows, and when they had gone by, they exchanged signals of abhorrence. The sight was no more than of a piece with the outrage on Anne; but coming when it did, coming when he was beginning to think he had been mistaken, when he was beginning to hope, it depressed Claude dismally.

For comfort, he looked forward to the hour when it would be dark. "By hook or by crook," he muttered, "I must—"

He did not finish the sentence. Along the ramparts came a figure he knew. It was Grio. There was nothing strange in the man's presence, but Claude did not wish to meet him, and debated in his mind whether he should retreat before the other came up. Pride said one thing, discretion another—he would not fricas—and he was still hanging doubtful, measuring the distance between them, when—away went his thoughts. What was Grio doing?

The Spaniard had come to a stand and was leaning on the wall, apparently looking idly into the ditch. The posture was the most natural in the world—on a warm day. On that day, it caught Claude's attention; and—was he mistaken, or were the hands that, covered by Grio's cloak, rested on the wall, busy about something?

Be that so, or no, he must make up his mind whether he went or stayed. For Grio was coming on again. He hesitated a moment. Then he stayed. The next, he was glad he had, for when Grio had strolled on in seeming carelessness to a point not twenty yards from him, and well commanded from his seat, he leaned again on the wall and seemed to be enjoying the view. This time Claude was sure, from the movement of his shoulders, that his hands were employed.

In what? the young man asked himself; and noted that beside Grio's left heel lay a piece of broken tile of a peculiar color. The next moment—only just as Grio turned from the wall to come on—he had an inspiration. Drawing his feet up on the seat, he drew his cloak over his head and affected to be asleep. What Grio thought of a man who chose to sleep in the open in such weather, he did not learn, for after standing awhile—as Claude's ears told him—opposite the sleeper, the Spaniard turned and walked back the way he had come. This time—and though he now had the wind at his back—he walked briskly; as a man would walk in such weather, or as a man would walk who had done his business.

Claude waited until his coarse, heavy figure had disappeared through the Porte Tartasse; nay, waited until the light began to fail. Then, while he could still pick out the red potsherd, he approached the wall, leaned over it, and, failing to detect anything with his eyes, passed his fingers down the stones.

They alighted on a nail. A nail thrust lightly into the mortar below the coping-stone. For what purpose? A little excited, Claude asked himself the question. To support a rope? And so to enable some one to leave the town? The nail, barely pushed into the mortar, would hardly support the weight of a dozen yards of twine.

Perhaps the nail was there by chance, and Grio had naught to do with it. He could settle that doubt; in a few moments he had settled it. Emboldened by the growing darkness, he walked to the place at which he had first seen Grio pause. A short search discov-




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ered a second nail as lightly secured as the other. Had he not been careful, it would have fallen beneath his touch.

What did the nails there? What was their purpose? Claude was not stupid, and he was not long in hitting on an explanation. It was a fanciful, extravagant notion, one that set his chilled blood running and his hands tingling, one that might mean much to himself and to others. It was unlikely, improbable, out of the common—but it was an explanation. It was a mighty plan to hang upon two weak nails; but such as it was—and he turned it over and over in his mind before he dared entertain it—he could find no other. And presently, his eyes alight, his pulses riotous, his foot dancing, he walked down the Corratierie—with scarce a look at the house which had held his thoughts all day—and passed into the town. As he went slowly through the gateway, he cast an inquisitive eye into the guard-room. It was nearly empty. Two men sat sleepily before the fire, their boot-heels among the embers, a black-jack between them.

The fact weighed something in the balance of probabilities; and in growing excitement, his head whirling with strange ideas, he hurried on, sought the cookshop at which he had broken his fast—a humble place, licensed for the scholars—and ate his supper not knowing what he ate nor with whom he ate it. It was only by chance that his ear caught on a sudden a new tone in the goodwife's voice, and that, almost mechanically, he looked up and saw her greet her husband.

"Ay!" the man was saying, in answer to the exclamation of surprise which his entrance had evoked. "It's bed for me to-night. It's so cold they will send but half the rounds."

"Whose order is that?" asked a scholar at Claude's table.

"Messer Blondel's."
"Shows his sense!" the goodwife cried roundly. "A good man, and knows when to watch and when to ha' done!"

Claude said nothing, but he rose with burning cheeks, paid his share—it was seven o'clock—and passing out made his way back. In addition to the Tartasse gate, the Treille and the Monnaye led from the town proper to the Corratierie, and this time he chose to go out by the Treille. Having ascertained that the guard-room there also was almost denuded of men, he passed along to his bastion, hugging the houses on his right, and giving the wall a wide berth. Although the cold wind blew in his face, he paused several times to listen, nor did he enter his bastion until he had patiently made certain that it was untenanted.

The night was very dark. It was the night of December 12, the longest and dearest of the year. Far below him in the abyss on his right, a few oil lamps marked the island and the town beyond the Rhone. Behind him, on his left, a glimmer escaping here and there from the upper windows marked the line of the Corratierie, of which the width is greatest at the end furthest from the river. Near the outer extremity of this, a bright light marked the Porte Neuve, distant about two hundred yards from his post, and about seventy or eighty from the Porte Tartasse. Straight from him to the Porte Neuve ran two hundred yards of wall, a few feet high on the inner side, some thirty feet high on the outer, but shrouded for the present in a black gloom that defied his keenest vision.

He waited more than an hour, his ears on the alert. At the end of that time, he drew a deep breath of relief. A step that might have been the step of a sentry pacing the rampart, and now pausing, now moving on, began to approach him. It came on, paused, came on, paused, seemed at length to be close at hand. Two or three dull sounds followed, then the sharper noise of a falling stone. Immediately the foot of the sentry, if sentry it was, began to retreat.

Claude drove his nails into the palms of his hands and waited, waited through an eternity, waited until the retreating foot had almost reached—as he judged—the Porte Tartasse. Then he stole out, groped his way to the wall, and passed his hand along the outer side until he came to the nail. He found it at last. It had been made secure, and from it depended a thin string.

He set to work at once to draw up the string. There was a small weight attached to it, which rose slowly until it reached his hand. It was a stone about as large as the fist and of a whitish color.

(To be continued)

Why Mr. Cricket Has Elbows On His Legs

By Joel Chandler Harris

(Continued from page 14)

nex' he'd 'arn de young birds how ter whistle wid his fife. Day in an' day out he frolicked an' had his fun, but bimbeby de weather 'gun ter git cool an' de days 'gun ter git shorter, an' ol' Granddaddy Cricket hatter keep his han's in his pockets fum soon in de mornin' twel ten o'clock. An' 'long 'bout de time when de sun start down hill, he'd hatter put his fiddle under his arm an' his fife in his side-pocket.

"Dis wuz bad nuff, but wuss come. It got so col' dat Granddaddy Cricket can't skaceely walk twel de sun wuz shinin' right over 'im. Mo' dan dat, he 'gun ter git hongry and stay hongry. Ef yu'd 'a' seed 'im in de hot weather, fiddin' an' dancin', an' ffin' an' prancin', you'd 'a' thunk dat he had a stack er vittles put by ez big ez de barn back yander; but bimbeby it got so cold dat he know sump'n got ter be done. He know sump'n got ter be done, but how er when he couldn't 'a' tol' you ef it had 'a' been de las' ac'. He went 'long, creepin' an' crawlin' fum post ter

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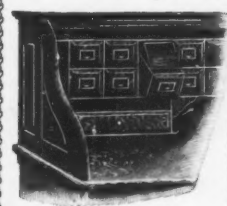
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pillar, an' he 'membered de days when he went wid a hop, skip an' a jump, but he wuz too col' fer ter cry.

"He crope along, tryin' ter keep on de sunny side er de worl', twel bimeby, one day he seed smoke a-risin' way off yander, an' he know'd mighty well dat whar der's smoke dey bleege ter be fire. He crope an' he crawled, an' bimeby he come close nuff ter de smoke fer ter see dat it wuz comin' out'n a chimbley dat'd been built on one 'een uv a house. 'Twan't like de houses what you see up yander in Atlanty, kaze 'twuz made out er logs, an' de chink 'twix' de logs wuz stopped up wid red clay. De chimbley wuz made out'n sticks an' stones an' mud.

"Granddaddy Cricket wuz forty-lev'm times bigger dan what his famby is deze days, but he wan't so big dat he couldn't crawl un' de house, kaze 'twuz propped up on pillars. So un' de house he went an' scrouge close ter de chimbley fer ter see eff he can't git some er de warm, but, bless you, it 'uz stone col'. Ef it had 'a' been like de chimbleys is deze days, ol' Granddaddy Cricket would 'a' friz stiff, but 'twuz plain, eve'yday mud plastered on some sticks laid crossways. 'Twuz hard fer ol' Granddaddy Cricket fer ter work his way inter de chimbley, but harder fer ter stay out in de col'—so he sot in ter work. He gnyawed an' he sawed, he scratched an' he clawed, he pushed an' he gouged, an' he shoved an' he scrouged, twel, bimeby, he got whar he could feel some er de warm er de fire, an' 'twan't long 'fo' he wuz feelin' fine. He snickered ter hisse'f when he hear de win' whistlin' roun' de cornders, an' blowin' des like it come right fresh fum de place whar de ice-bugs live at."

The little boy laughed and placed his hand caressingly on Uncle Remus's knee. "You mean ice-bergs, Uncle Remus," he said.

"Nigh ez I kin 'member," replied the old ducky, with affected dignity, "ice-bugs is what I meant. I tell you dat p'intedly. What I know 'bout ice-bergs?"

The little lad eyed the old ducky curiously, but said nothing more for some time. Uncle Remus regarded him from the corner of his eye and smiled, for this was a little chap whose ways he was yet to understand. Finally, he took up the thread of his story. "It's des like I tell you, honey; he ain't no sooner git thawed out dan he 'gun ter feel good. Dey wuz some cracks an' crannies in de h'ath er de fireplace, an' when de chillun eat der mush an' milk, some er de crumbs 'ud sift thoo de h'ath. Ol' Granddaddy Cricket smelled um, an' felt um, an' helt um, an' atter dat you couldn't make 'im b'lieve dat he wan't in hog-heav'm."

"De place whar he wuz at wan't roomy nuff fer fiddlin', but he tuck out his fife an' 'gun ter play on it, but eve'y time he hear a noise he'd cut de chune short. He'd blow a little an' den break off, but take de day ez it come, he put in a right smart lot er fife. When night come, an' eve'ything wuz dark down dar whar he wuz at, he des turned hisse'f loose. De chillun in de house, dey des lisen an' laugh, but dey daddy shake his head an' look sour. Dey wan't no crickets in de country whar he come fum, an' he wan't usen ter um. But de mammy er de chillun ain't pay no 'tention ter de fife; she des went on 'bout her business like dey ain't no cricket in de roun' worl'. Ol' Granddaddy Cricket he fited an' fited des like he wuz doin' it fer pay. He played de chillun off ter bed an' played um ter sleep; he played twel de ol' man got ter nid-nid-noddin' by de fire; he played twel dey all went ter bed 'cep' de mammy, an' he played whiles she sot by de h'ath, an' dremp 'bout de times when she wuz a gal—de ol' times dat make de gran'-chillun feel so funny when dey hear tell 'bout um."

"Night atter night de fife went on, an' bimeby de man 'gun ter git tired. De 'oman, she say dat de crickets brung good luck, but de man, he say he'd druther have mo' luck an' less fife. So he holler down thoo de crack in de h'ath, an' tell ol' Granddaddy Cricket fer ter hush his fuss er change his chune. But de fife went on. De man holler down an' say dat eff de fife don't stop, he gwine ter pour b'illin' water on de fife. Ol' Granddaddy Cricket holler back:

"'Hot water will turn me brown,
An' den I'll kick yo' chimbley down."

"De man, he grin, he did, an' den he put de kittle on de fire an' kep' it dar twel de water 'gun ter b'ile, an' den, whiles de fife wuz at de loudst, he tuck de kittle an' tilted it so de sealdin' water will run down thoo de cracks, an' den de fust thing he know'd he ain't know nothin', kaze de water weakened de clay an' de h'ath fell in an' ol' Granddaddy Cricket sot in ter kickin' an' de chimbley come down, it did, an' bury de man, an' when dey got 'im out, he wuz one-eyed an' splay-footed."

"De 'oman an' de chillun ain't skacely know 'im. Dey hatter ax 'im his name, an' whar he come fum, an' how ol' he wuz; an' atter he satchified um dat he wuz de same man what been livin' dar all de time, de 'oman say, 'Ain't I tell you dat crickets fetch good luck?' An' de man, he 'low, 'Does you call dis good luck?'"

"What became of the cricket?" asked the little boy, after a long pause, during which Uncle Remus appeared to be thinking about other things.

"Oh!" exclaimed the old ducky. "Dat's so! I ain't tol' you, is it? Well, ol' Granddaddy Cricket kicked so hard, an' kicked so high, dat he onj'inted bofe his legs, an' when he crawled out fum un' de chimbley, his elbows wuz whar his knees oughter be."

"But it was cold weather," suggested the little boy. "Where did he go when he kicked the chimney down?"

Uncle Remus smiled as he took another chew of tobacco. "Dey wan't but one thing he could do," he replied; "he went on ter nex' house an' got in de chimbley an' he been livin' in chimbleys off an' on down ter dis day an' time."



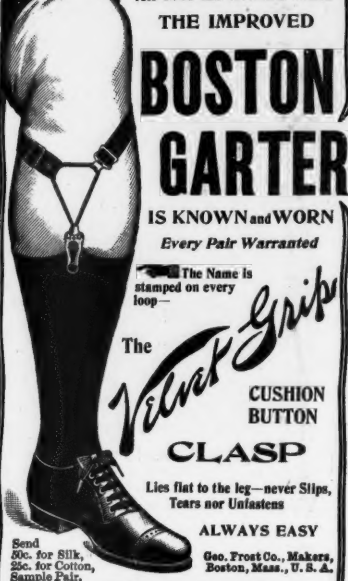
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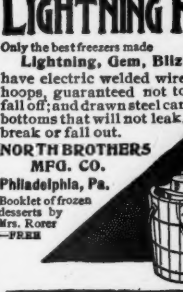
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